

★ Oct. 1, 1949

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NEW YORKER





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ON THE PLAZA



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS—Maxwell Anderson's tribute to Henry's second wife, with Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—This fine play about a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more is impressively acted and superbly staged. Lee J. Cobb is exemplary in the leading role. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DETECTIVE STORY—Sidney Kingsley's play, laid in a New York police station, is rather complicated by a social message, but it is still lively and amusing. Ralph Bellamy is convincing as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DIAMOND LIL—Mae West inviting her friends to come up and see her sometime just as engagingly as she did in 1928. Among the members of the saloon society she dominates are Billy Van, Richard Coogan, and Walter Petrie. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOUT—Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman in Jean Giraudoux's witty play about a loony old Parisian lady and her good works. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: The piece about a conniving junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **GOODBYE, MY FANCY**: Concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer. With Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **MISTER ROBERTS**: Henry Fonda and William Harrigan still patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**: Tennessee Williams' drama about the tragic end of a woman's life. Now with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

AS THE GIRLS GO—The book, something about the first woman President of the United States, is on the slight side, but it doesn't matter, because Bobby Clark is on hand to cover up for it. Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee are also in the cast. The music and lyrics are by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, respectively. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MISS LIBERTY—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical concerning a girl who may or may not have posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few nice tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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SOUTH PACIFIC—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this musical about the war in the Pacific. Ezio Pinza contributes a remarkable singing and acting performance, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

LONG RUNS—KISS ME, KATE: "The Taming of the Shrew," as souped up by Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **LEND AN EAR**: Carol Channing, William Eythe, and Yvonne Adair running through Charles Gaynor's sketches, lyrics, and music. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **WHERE'S CHARLEY?**: Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Arnold Moss, Frances Reid, Nina Foch, and Carl Benton Reid in a limited engagement of the Shakespearean comedy, produced by Roger Stevens. Valentine Windt is the director. Opens Monday, Oct. 3. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesday, Oct. 5, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—Performances by a repertory company, including Ralph Riggs, Joseph Macauley, Morton Bowe, and Kathleen Roche. Produced by S. M. Chartock. The first offering, "The Mikado," will open on Tuesday, Oct. 4, and play for a week. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

YES, M'LORD—An English comedy import (formerly called "The Chiltern Hundreds") by W. Douglas Home. With A. E. Matthews, Mary Hinton, and George Curzon. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 4. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-

5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

BALLET

BALLET Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Sept. 29: "Ballet Imperial," "Pas de Deux," "Birthday," and "Madroños." ... Friday evening, Sept. 30: "Les Sylphides," "Igroushki," "Paquita," and "Le Beau Danube." ... Saturday matinee, Oct. 1: "Quelques Fleurs," "The Nutcracker," and "Graduation Ball." ... Saturday evening, Oct. 1: "Pas de Quatre," "Birthday," "The Mute Wife," and "Raymonda." ... Sunday matinee, Oct. 2: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." ... Sunday evening, Oct. 2: "Pas de Quatre," "The Mute Wife," "Birthday," and "Le Beau Danube." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2:15.)

LES BALLET DE PARIS—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Carmen" and other ballets. Opens Thursday, Oct. 6. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

KEN MURRAY'S BLACKOUTS—A large, various, but not especially gifted assortment of human actors appears in support of some very appealing lovebirds in this vaudeville show, which ran for seven years in California. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

ICE SHOW—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

RODEO—The annual fall showing of cowboys and Indians. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean but well-appointed Garden, which is down among the New York Central's tracks, Jules Lande's dance orchestra is ensconced. No music Sundays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Maxine Sullivan's spellbinding way with a song, Jack Prince's humor, and dance music by Johnny Bothwell's band. Cliff Jackson plays interlude piano. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose, still convinced that violin music hath charms for the tired businessman but hedging his bet with some delectable ballet girls and a spot of comedy. Dancing to Billy Banks' band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some East Siders have made a career of this venerable pleasure dome. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Country-club life in all its luxuriousness, right at your doorstep. Larry Stry's and Bernie Dolen's bands produce the appropriate sound effects for dancing. Closed Sundays.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, the reliable James MacColl is an amusing Cole Porter in

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

an amorphous and sleepy extravaganza about the life and works of Yale's best-known alumnus, and the Ballet Theatre's John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun make a few useful contributions. Don McGrane's dance band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Eddie Garr mimics a lot of deservedly and otherwise prominent citizens. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Square dancing at supertime Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Closed Mondays. ¶ In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's music every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Victor Borge, whose piano is his principal comedy prop, is in operation. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras for dancing. Closed Sundays. ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, picturesque as can be, offers Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's dance music after eight-thirty. Thursday, Sept. 29, the opening night, will be a benefit for Bellevue Hospital. Closed Mondays. ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo Le Fleur's cocktail-hour music.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—On Monday, Oct. 3, the Oval Room will reopen, with the flowing music of Emery Deutsch's orchestra for dinner every day but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's band fills in. ¶ In the Palm Court, Harold Sandler's orchestra turns out pleasant period-piece cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Kitty Kallen's songs and stylizations, which have their roots in storied old Broadway, at dinner and supper, and dancing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): The new Carnival Room will open Thursday, Oct. 6, with a benefit for the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Club of New York. Lester Lannin's debutante-party band of orchestra and Jan Brunescu's gypsy ensemble will dish out the dance music. Closed Sundays. ¶ Cy Coleman's fretwork on the piano in the café bar every evening but Sunday.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Young America in a very concentrated form. An orchestra and a rumba band provide a faint background to the prevailing chatter.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Even the most abstruse French colloquialism or state of mind seems crystal clear when Edith Piaf starts singing. Emil Petti's orchestra and a group of French choristers and musicians lend a valiant hand. Panchito's rumba band plays, too.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Wedgwood Room will reopen Thursday, Sept. 29, with a benefit for the New York Association for the Blind. Janet Blair will sing, the Blackburn Twins will cavort, and Eddy Duchin will make lush dance music, with the occasional aid of Mischa Borr's energetic contingent. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. ¶ On the Starlight Roof, through Thursday, Sept. 29, dancing all evening to Jack Pina's orchestra, aided, after the dinner hour, by Mischa Borr. ¶ Michael Zarin plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross unveils some of his sleight-of-hand trickery. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL (No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): At cocktails and dinner, Les Crosley's inventive pianoforte arabesques, followed, later in the evening, by Cy Walter's fancywork. Closed Sundays. ¶ **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight-thirty, Eddie Davis's lighthearted dance music, Helen Edwards' songs, and the Angie Bond Trio's lively instrumentation. Closed Sundays. ¶ **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A con-

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plays cocktail piano and Harry Taylor plays after-dinner piano. Closed Sundays. ¶ **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A plausible reminder of upper-bracket speakeasy days, with Rudy Barron's violin music after dinner every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten every evening but Sunday. ¶ **MONTE CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): At dinner and supper, Teddy and Phyllis Rodriguez dance nimbly, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra is on the stand. Closed Sundays. ¶ **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Still a home away from home for the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Easy-going piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. ¶ **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Gigi Durston, lighting up the midnight sky with her sweet singing, and William Tabbert, one of "South Pacific's" bright young men, adding a tenor note, every evening but Sunday. Kurt Maier is at the piano. ¶ **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A French thrush (Simone Dolphen) and an American one (Wilton Clary). Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute chipper double piano. Sunday is old-silent-movie night. ¶ **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American hurly-burly, interrupted only when the patrons indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. ¶ **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the sumptuous bar, a Joseph's-coat example of interior decorating, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano, except Tuesdays. Closed Sundays. ¶ **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's piano music Mondays through Fridays and Bernie Dolen's band Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): This smoke-filled grotto is the perfect milieu for the telling of Joe E. Lewis's grownup bedtime stories. Kay Starr and a lot of Copa showgirls are around, too. Dancing. ¶ **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): The Ritz Brothers, who may not be everyone's meat but are far from being everyone's poison. Joan Merrill, abetted by Hal Kanner at the piano, puts in a neat song or two. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, utter nonsense by Phil Gordon

and the team of Eddie and Tony, plus the stirring songs of Irene Williams and Mme. Claude Alphonse. Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio provide a plush musical background for them. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. ¶ In the lounge, from supertime until very late in the evening (except Saturdays), the piano duets of Eadie and Rack. ¶ **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Paula Drake's feline exposition of the theory that crime (female) can be made to pay, plus Bibi Osterwald's extrovert songs, Michael Brown's introvert ones, and part-singing by the King Odom Quartet. In the background, the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio. Julius Monk is ringmaster. Closed Sundays. ¶ **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams, raising bebop piano to a new level, with the occasional aid of the J. C. Heard Trio, which also plays for dancing. In between, Marian Bruce carries a flaming torch. Closed Sundays. ¶ **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, spinning out those ageless ditties about people who are awfully bad citizens but awfully good company; Mabel Mercer, singing beautifully the songs Alec Wilder and allied spirits write for her. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his *après-moi-le-déluge* trumpet style, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other such Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are unrestrained free-for-alls, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice. Closed Sundays. ¶ **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a vigorous collection of roman candles. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. ¶ **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Hot Lips Page and a group of assistants, huffing and puffing and trying to blow out the front wall. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. ¶ **RIVIERA LOUNGE**, Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): A robust handbox, in which, after ten every night except Monday, Willie the Lion Smith, equipped with an ancient cigar and an ancient Steinway, turns out rough, tough music and Chippie Hill slips the leash on a couple of rowdy blues. Art Hodes plays piano Mondays through Fridays, and such useful citizens as Tony Parenti, Herb Ward, and Frank Orchard help out now and then. Guest artists Thursdays. ¶ **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Wednesday, Oct. 5, Duke Ellington's complex, dark-blue music, as well as Red Norvo's new band. Closed Mondays. ¶ **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, engulfed in a 52nd Street smoke screen, playing just the sort of piano you'd fondly expect of him; J. J. Johnson's beboppers, which include Fats Navarro on trumpet, are somewhat less esoteric. ¶ **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those Friday-night jazz picnics are back again. This week, Bobby Hackett, James P. Johnson, Joe Marsala, Benny Morton, George Wettling, and Chippie Hill will be among the welkin ringers. On Oct. 7, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, James P. Johnson, George Wettling, and Chippie Hill.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

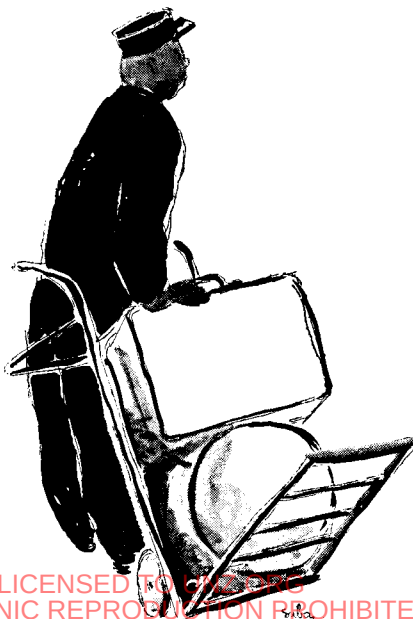
STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, through Saturday, Oct. 8, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. Closed Sundays. ¶ **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Morris Graves, William Baziotis, Robert Motherwell, and



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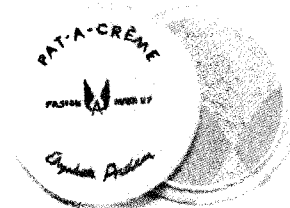
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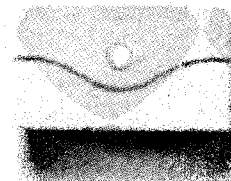
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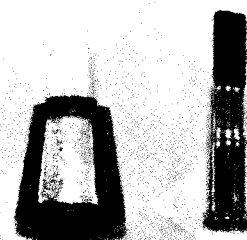
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others of the more advanced Abstract Expressionist, here called Intrastubjective, school. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 3.)

PIETRO LAZZARI—Paintings, symbolic in manner and acutely contrasted in color. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 8.)

MAN AND WIFE—A tricky but interesting showing of paintings and other works by Robert and Sonia Delaunay, Max Ernst and Dorothea Tanning, and similarly talented couples. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 8.)

BORIS VANSIER—First American exhibition of drawings and gouaches, a little heavy in their handling, by a young Swiss artist. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 1.)

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor art display in Washington Square can be seen daily, through Oct. 16, from noon until dark.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Anthony Toney; through Oct. 15. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Andre Demoncey; through Oct. 15. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57th St.: Lilian MacKendrick; through Oct. 15. . . . Group shows at the **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 22.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Oct. 4. . . . In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A comprehensive exhibition of paintings and sculptures, many of them from the Museum's permanent collection, in a memorial exhibit honoring Juliana Force, former director of the Museum. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season—Thursday evening, Sept. 29: "Ariadne auf Naxos." . . . Friday evening, Sept. 30: "Tales of Hoffmann." . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 1: "Madame Butterfly." . . . Sunday matinee, Oct. 2: "Aida." . . . Sunday evening, Oct. 2: "The Marriage of Figaro." . . . Thursday evening, Oct. 6: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . Friday evening, Oct. 7: "La Traviata." . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 8: "Tosca." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30.)

LEMONADE OPERA—Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," along with "Hänsel and Gretel," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40.)

RECITALS

LEON ROTHIER—Bass. (Town Hall, Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

JEAN WESTBROOK—Violin. (Town Hall, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2:30.)

SOLOMON—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8:40.)

DAVID STIMER—Piano. (Town Hall, Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

SARI BIRO—Piano, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Emanuel Vardi. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2:30.)

MARYLA JONAS—Piano (Washington Irving



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Sept. 29, at 2:30... Yankees vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2, and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2:05... **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Wednesday, Oct. 5, at the home park of the American League contender.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, OCT. 1**: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2... Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 2... Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 2... Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2... Navy vs. Princeton, at Baltimore, at 2:30... Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 2... Yale vs. Fordham, at New Haven, at 2... **SATURDAY, OCT. 8**: Colgate vs. Boston University, at Hamilton, at 2... Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 2... Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2... Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2... Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 2... Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Bulldogs vs. Green Bay Packers. (Polo Grounds, Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:45.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 1.)... Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 8.)

RACING—At **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Oct. 8. The Futurity and the New York Handicap, Oct. 1; the Ladies Handicap, Oct. 3; the Sysonby Mile, Oct. 5; the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Oct. 7; the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Champagne, Oct. 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; starting Monday, Oct. 3. (A train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Saturdays at 10 A.M.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly is holding plenary sessions at Flushing Meadow, and about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. At Lake Success, committees of the General Assembly confer weekdays in rooms accommodating fifty to a hundred on-lookers each, and about five hundred visitors will continue to be admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets to any of these events, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON—Can be seen starting about 6:50 P.M. on Thursday, Oct. 6, and continuing into the morning of Friday, Oct. 7. Several sidewalk telescopes will be set up for the public on 81st Street, near Central Park West, by the Hayden Planetarium and the Amateur Astronomers Association.

FRENCH COSTUME DOLLS—A display of the forty-nine dolls, covering two centuries of French fashion, from the French Gratitude Train sent here early this year. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 1.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 110 E. 58th St.—Eighteenth-century English and American furniture and objects of art, from the collections of the late Mrs. Percival J. McIntosh and others. (Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 2.)... Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English silver, and Dresden and other porcelains, owned by



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mrs. H. A. Fortington and others. (Exhibition, Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 4-6, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Friday, Oct. 7, at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Time by the Stars." Starting on Saturday, Oct. 1, there will be a new show, "Antarctic Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. over WNYC... ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, Oct. 1, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC... ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3 P.M., WCBS... ¶ Gladys Swarthout, soprano, Monday, Oct. 3, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2 P.M., WNBC... ¶ James Cagney in "Counsellor-at-Law," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC... ¶ Dorothy McGuire in "The Lady Becomes a Governor," Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—BASEBALL: The first game of the World Series, Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 1:15 P.M., WOR... **PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**: Giants vs. Bulldogs, Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:40 P.M., WJGM.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ... ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION

DRAMA—Claire Luce in "The Queen Bee," Sunday, Oct. 2, at 9 P.M., WNBC... ¶ Burgess Meredith and Eva Gabor in "L'Amour the Merrier," Monday, Oct. 3, at 8 P.M., WCBS-TV.

SPORTS—BASEBALL: The final home games of the Yankees will be shown on WABD... ¶ The first game of the World Series will be shown on Wednesday, Oct. 5, over WNBC, WABD, WOR-TV, and WJZ-TV. The cameras will start turning at about 12:45 P.M.... **COLLEGE FOOTBALL, SATURDAY, OCT. 1**: Army vs. Penn State, at 1:30 P.M., WNBC... ¶ Yale vs. Fordham, at 1:50 P.M., WPIX... ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at 2 P.M., WCBS-TV.

MISCELLANY—The twenty-second installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Sept. 29, at 9 P.M., WJZ-TV... ¶ Filmed highlights of important football games, Friday, Sept. 30, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ-TV... ¶ Scenes from "Lend an Ear," at the Broadhurst Theatre, Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7 P.M., WCBS-TV.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 15: Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Syracuse, at New Brunswick; Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven... **SATURDAY, OCT. 22**: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst; Army vs. Columbia, at West Point; Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Syracuse, at the Polo Grounds; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia; Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven **SATURDAY, OCT. 29**: Army



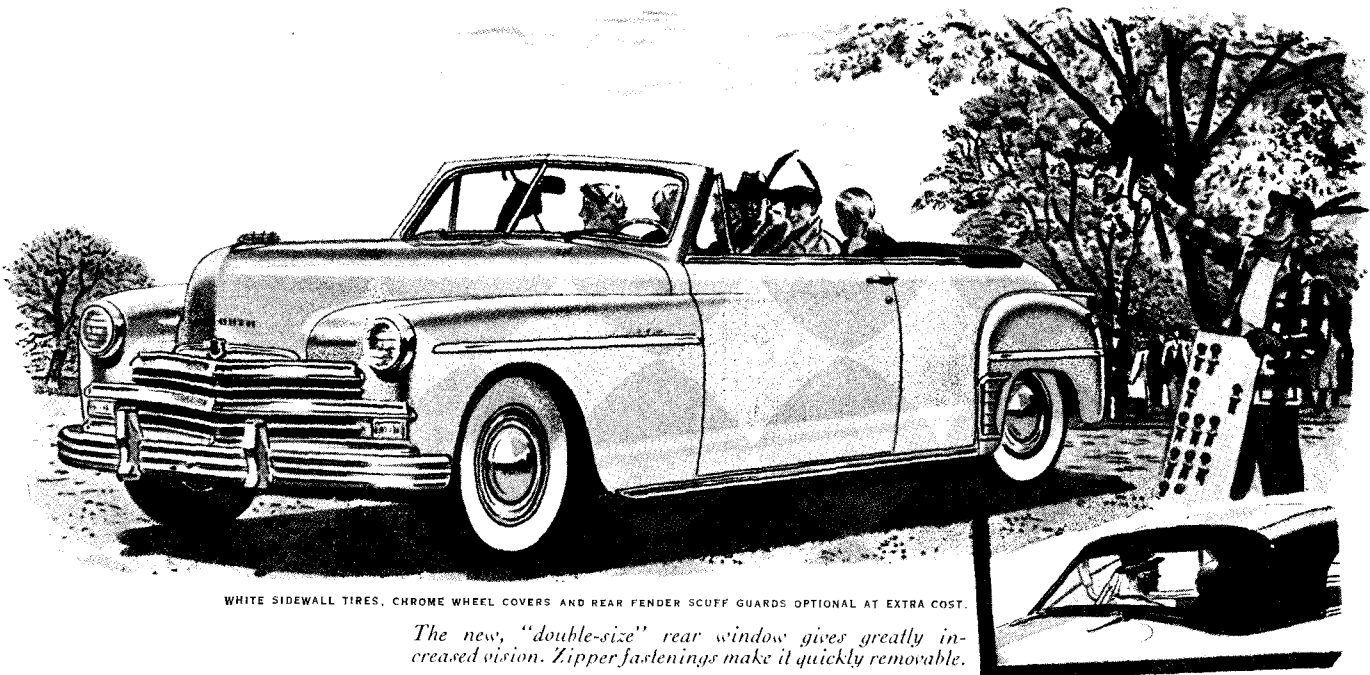
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. V.M.I., at West Point; Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Georgetown, at the Polo Grounds; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore; Pennsylvania vs. Pittsburgh, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 16; Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Oct. 23; Bulldogs vs. Washington Redskins, Oct. 30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Oct. 23; Yankees vs. Baltimore Colts, Oct. 30.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Boston, Oct. 26; Rangers vs. Chicago, Oct. 29; Rangers vs. Toronto, Oct. 30; Rangers vs. Montreal, Nov. 9 and 12; Rangers vs. Detroit, Nov. 13.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show, (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 10-26.) . . . National Horse Show, (Madison Square Garden, Nov. 1-8.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, (Media, Pa. Oct. 15.) . . . Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association, (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 22.) . . . Essex Fox Hounds, (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 29.) . . . Middleburg Hunt Race Association, (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 12.)

RACING—UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Oct. 10-11. . . . JAMAICA: Oct. 12-18. . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Oct. 19-Nov. 15. The Gold Cup, Nov. 5. . . . PIMLICO: Oct. 25-Nov. 12. . . . HAVRE DE GRACE: Nov. 14-17.

TENNIS—A professional match between Pancho Gonzales and Jack Kramer, (Madison Square Garden, Oct. 25.)

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: Yehudi Menuhin, Oct. 10. . . . Opening performance of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 11. . . . Earl Wild, Oct. 12. . . . Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Oct. 13. . . . Chopin Centennial Festival, with the Mannes Trio, a symphony orchestra, and others, Oct. 19. . . . Mischa Elman, Oct. 23. . . . Opening performance of the Boston Symphony, Charles Münch conducting, Nov. 9. . . . TOWN HALL: Elena Nikolaidi, Oct. 10. . . . Appleton and Field, Oct. 14 and 21, and Nov. 4. . . . Frank Sheridan, Oct. 17. . . . Opening performance of the Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's series, Igor Buketoff conducting, Oct. 22. . . . Chamber Art Society, Robert Craft conducting, Oct. 22. . . . Opening performance of the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Luboschütz and Nemenoff, Oct. 24. . . . Maggie Teyte, Oct. 29. . . . Opening performance of the New Friends of Music, with the Saidenberg Little Symphony and Hortense Monath, Oct. 30. . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE: Artur Schnabel in an all-Chopin program, Oct. 17. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE: Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Nov. 6.

BALLET—Saulier's Wells Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Oct. 9-Nov. 6.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open within the next six weeks or so—Maurice Evans and Edna Best in two Terence Rattigan plays, "The Browning Version" and "Harlequinade," to be known as "Double Bill." . . . "Touch and Go," a revue with sketches and lyrics by Jean and Walter Kerr, and music by Jay Gorney. Produced by George Abbott. . . . Lillian Hellman's adaptation of the Emmanuel Robles play "Montserrat," with Emlyn Williams. . . . "Lost in the Stars," with a book by Maxwell Anderson and music by Kurt Weill. . . . Jane Pickens in "Regina," a musical version of Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes." . . . "I Know My Love," the S. N. Behrman adaptation of Marcel Achard's French comedy, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

OTHER DATES—Registration days for the November 8 elections are October 10-15. . . . Columbus Day is Wednesday, Oct. 12. . . . Chrysanthemum Show, at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, Oct. 21-23. . . . Navy Day is Thursday, Oct. 27. . . . Armistice Day is Friday, Nov. 11.

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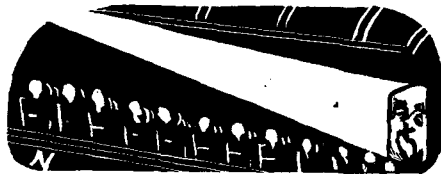
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

DEVIL IN THE FLESH—The story of an adolescent's love affair with a married woman, presented with great skill in a French film. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle head the cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

DOLWYN—Some gripping moments in the Welsh village of Dolwyn, chiefly distinguished by the magnificent acting of Dame Edith Evans. Emlyn Williams wrote and directed this one, and acts in it, too. A British film. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Oct. 2.)

GERMANY YEAR ZERO—Rossellini following a twelve-year-old boy around postwar Berlin and discovering nothing in his life but cold despair. Not up to the standard of "Open City" and "Paisan." In German. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-6760.)

HAMLET—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean tragedy, and a fine one. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

HOME OF THE BRAVE—A film about a Negro G.I. who breaks down under the pressure of race prejudice in the Army. Worth while and exciting, despite a rather Pollyanna conclusion. James Edwards heads a competent cast. (Plaza, 42 E. 48th, VO 5-3320; through Sept. 30. . . . 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 2.)

PINKY—The race problem in the South, handled gingerly in a picture produced by Darryl Zanuck and directed by Elia Kazan. Jeanne Crain, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters carry the burden of the acting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

QUARTET—An English picture based on four Somerset Maugham short stories. A couple of the episodes add up to fairly entertaining stuff, and the large cast is excellent. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

THE QUIET ONE—The documentary story of a tragic young colored boy in Harlem. Made in New York by a group of amateurs, it is frequently better than the professional products. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 30.)

THE RED SHOES—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet, derived from the Hans Christian Andersen fable. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in this. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

SAINTS AND SINNERS—A merry romp through a

modern Irish village with the Abbey Theatre Players. Written by Paul Vincent Carroll, and made in England. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

SOME OF THE BEST—Forty minutes of excerpts from a lot of famous movies, new and old, ranging from "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" to "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Mrs. Miniver." (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Oct. 2.)

REVIVALS

A BELL FOR ADANO (1945)—John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix in the screen version of John Hersey's novel. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Oct. 4-5.)

THE BIG CLOCK (1948)—Ray Milland as the editor of a detective magazine and Charles Laughton as a homicidal publisher. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 2-4.)

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (1934)—A faithful, slow-moving version of the great romance. With Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

DAVID HARUM (1934)—Will Rogers playing a horse-trading old banker with a heart of gold. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Oct. 4.)

FOUR STEPS IN THE CLOUDS (1948)—Something about a farmer's daughter and a travelling man. An Italian film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 5.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 2-3.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Beverly,

3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 4.)

JUNIOR MISS (1945)—Sally Benson's little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 2-4.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 2-3. . . . Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 2-4.)

MONSIEUR VINCENT (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (1922)—Robert Flaherty's famous documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, now embellished with a very good spoken commentary. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 2-3.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 30.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in the Philip Barry piece. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 29.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people. A British film, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 29. . . . Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Oct. 5.)

STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE BEND (1935)—Old Mississippi days in a picture Will Rogers finished just before his death. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Oct. 4.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 1-5.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. A British film, with Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Oct. 1.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Oct. 2: Six documentary films on art. . . . Starting Oct. 3: Four documentary films on music. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"That Midnight Kiss," Kathryn Grayson, José Iturbi.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 4: "Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 30: "Once More, My Darling," Robert Montgomery, Ann Blyth.
From Oct. 1: "The Blue Lagoon," Jean Simmons, Donald Houston.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Fighting Kentuckian," John Wayne.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-1600)
Through Oct. 5: "Under Capricorn," Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 5: "Strange Bargain," Martha Scott, Jeffrey Lynn.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"My Friend Irma," Marie Wilson, John Lund.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Thieves' Highway," Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5000)
Sept. 29: "White Heat," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
From Sept. 30: "Task Force," Gary Cooper, Jane Wyatt.

VICTORIA, B'way at 16th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale, Bobby Driscoll.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
GERMANY YEAR ZERO.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Oct. 4: DAVID HARUM, revival; and STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE BEND, revival.
From Oct. 5: "Under the Sun of Rome" (in Italian).

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

EMBASSY CINEMA, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Oct. 1: THE YOUNG MR. PITT, revival.
Oct. 2-4: "Wings of the Morning," Annabella, Henry Bond.
From Oct. 5: SIDEWALKS OF LONDON, revival.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-0630)
Through Oct. 4: "The Great Victor Herbert," revival, Allan Jones, Mary Martin; and "Monte Carlo," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Oct. 4: "The Great Victor Herbert," revival, Allan Jones, Mary Martin; and "Monte Carlo," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
SAINTS AND SINNERS.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"The Peddler and the Lady" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Spring in Park Lane," Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Oct. 2: DOLWYN.
From Oct. 3: "It Happened in Europe" (in Hungarian).

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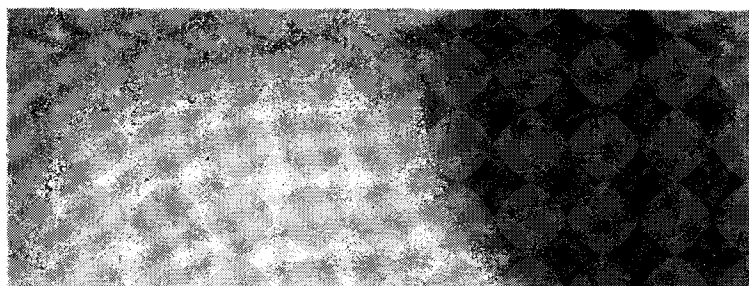
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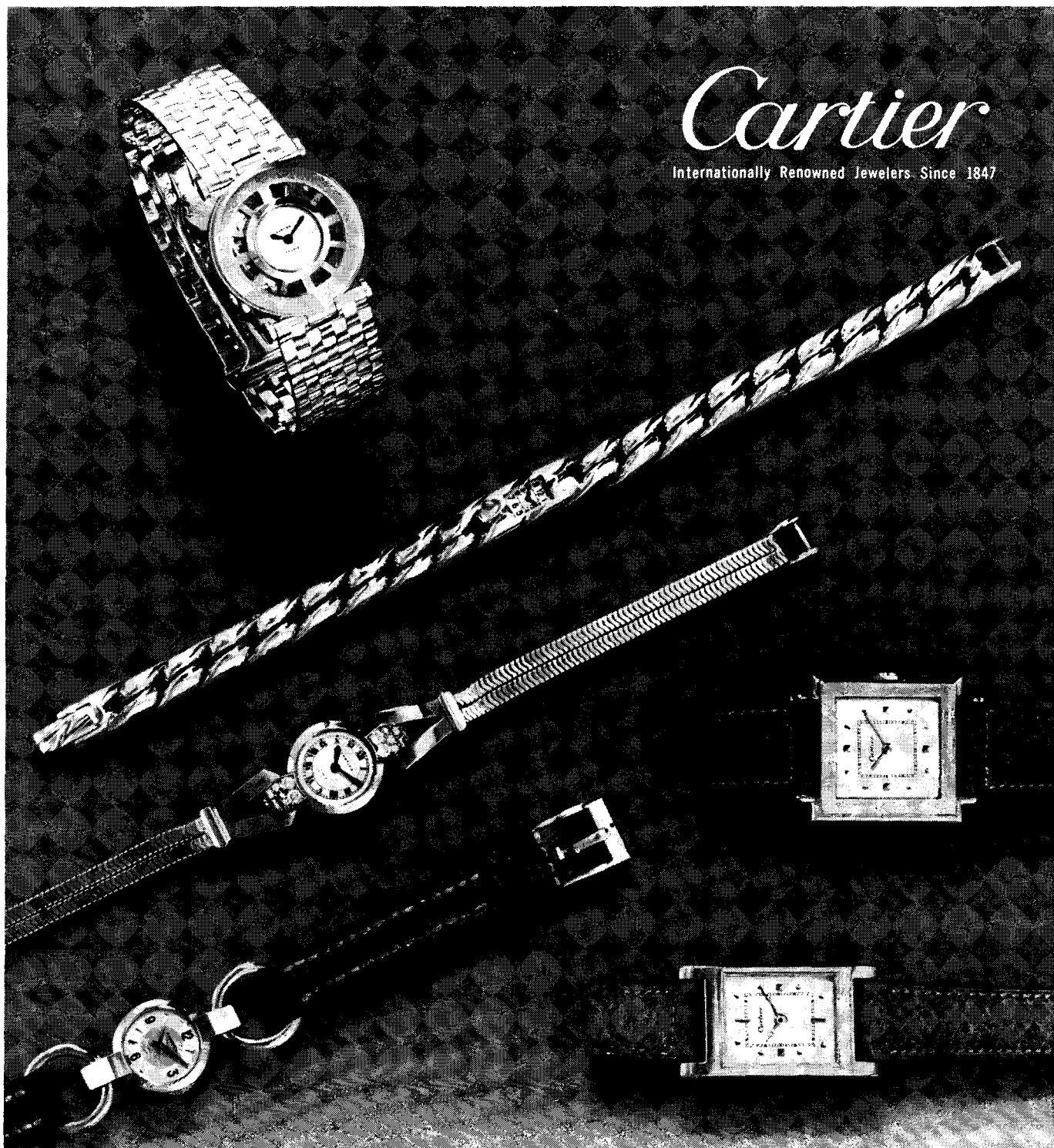
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A READER just back from Bombay and anxious to catch up fast on the local political situation has asked us to clarify it for him, and we are glad to oblige. To begin



with, the principal candidates for Mayor are Newbold Morris and William O'Dwyer, who is at present Mayor. In 1945, Morris was against the Republican Party and ran for Mayor on the No Deal ticket, and O'Dwyer was a New Deal Democrat. Now O'Dwyer is a Fair Deal Democrat. The Liberal Party is for the Fair Deal, but it is against O'Dwyer and for Morris, as is the Republican, or Old Deal, Party. However, the Liberals are for Herbert Lehman, who is for O'Dwyer and who is running against John Foster Dulles to fill the Senate seat vacated by Robert Wagner, Sr., who sponsored the Wagner Act, which was preceded by the Norris-LaGuardia Act. Norris—no, Morris was LaGuardia's protégé, and was for Lehman in 1946, when Lehman ran for senator against Irving Ives, a Dewey man, but this time Morris is not for Lehman. Morris is not for Dulles, either. Dulles, however, is for Morris. Ives is for Dulles. Dewey is for Dewey.

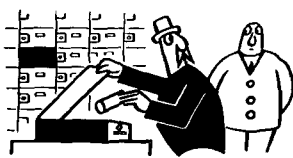
Morris is for Oren Root, who is running for Borough President of Manhattan, but the Liberal Party, though for Morris, is against Root and for Robert Wagner, Jr. Wagner, Sr., is for Wagner, Jr. O'Dwyer is against the American Labor Party, which is Vito Marcantonio, but in 1948 O'Dwyer was for Paul O'Dwyer, his brother, when Paul O'Dwyer was the Democratic and American Labor candidate for Congress and ran, unsuccessfully,

and Liberal candidate. In the 1945 mayoralty election, Javits was for Goldstein, the Republican candidate who ran against O'Dwyer and Morris, but now Javits is Morris's campaign manager. Nobody has heard of Goldstein since 1945. Root, to get back to him, is a Republican, but Robert Moses, a Republican, is against him and for O'Dwyer. Moses and Root disagree about a couple of statues. Morris says there are two O'Dwyers, not counting Paul O'Dwyer. The statues are not of the two O'Dwyers but of Simon Bolivar and Frank Costello.

An important issue in the campaign is federal aid for education. Lehman defended Mrs. Roosevelt when Cardinal Spellman attacked her for being against federal aid for parochial schools. Lehman is now for aid for parochial schools. Mrs. Roosevelt is for O'Dwyer, who is also for aid for parochial schools, and she is against Morris, who is against aid for them. Root, whom Morris is for, is for such aid, however. Dulles, who is for Root, is against such aid. Frank Costello is for Simon Bolivar.

Hedge

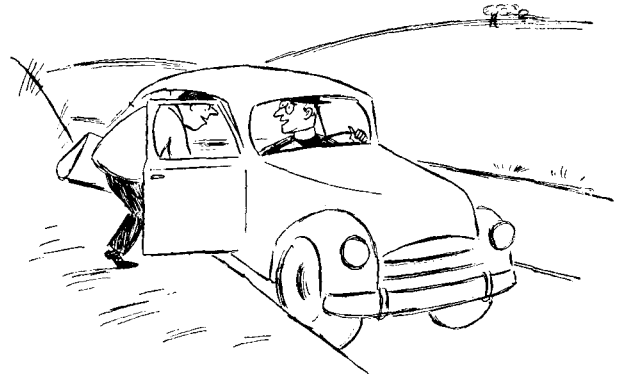
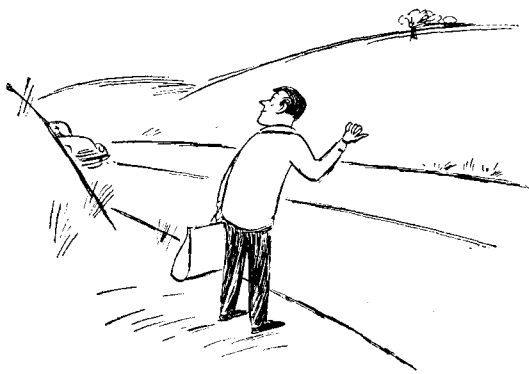
FOR over a year now, Bache & Co. have been selling gold—real, honest-to-goodness gold—packed in transparent, lead-sealed plastic cylinders about eight inches long and three inches in diameter, suitable for slipping into



safe-deposit boxes as a hedge against inflation, revaluation of currency, or other "hazards of human life," as people in the Street say in reference not to injury or death but to the possibility of your being poorer next year than this. As soon as we heard about the development of

activity in gold, we hustled downtown for a talk with Irving J. Louis, head of the Metal Department at Bache, whose particular baby the gold-selling project is. He is a small, tense, middle-aged man with a machine-gun delivery and a disarming way of prefacing an expression of opinion with the wary warning "I may be crazy, but . . ." As the Bache specialist in metals, he has long dealt in copper, lead, zinc, platinum, and other nonferrous metals. He has also handled metal-futures contracts for the accounts of customers who would rather invest in commodities than in stocks and bonds or are so well heeled that they consider it prudent to invest in both. It is these affluent folk who have been quietly and steadily stocking up on the Bache gold. Several of Louis's customers have bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth. Apparently, if a man is rich enough to be attracted by a non-interest-bearing, non-dividend-paying investment—one that he has to pay storage on, at that—he's rich enough to make his investment substantial. However, when Sir Stafford Cripps made his announcement about the pound, Louis and his assistants started getting calls from people who had never before shown any interest in gold. "We've sold more of the stuff in the past four days than in any previous month," Louis told us. "The buyers are expecting the Treasury to raise the price, of course."

A lot of people assume that the government has forbidden them to own gold, Louis said, but this is not the case. "What the Gold Reserve Act did was make it illegal to buy, sell, or hold *refined* gold," he explained. "It's illegal to buy, sell, or hold gold coins and bars of gold, but it's legal to buy, sell, or hold gold in its natural state—nuggets, gold dust, and the like. What we sell is placer gold, dredged out of streams in Alaska and California. It assays from eight hundred to nine hundred and fifty parts gold as compared to each



so on. The government price for fine gold is thirty-five dollars an ounce. We sell our gold for around forty-five, and if you should ever want to get rid of it, we'd buy it back for a couple of dollars an ounce under the then going price."

Louis regards gold as safer for hedging than diamonds, which Roger Babson has been recommending to his clientele. This is because diamonds are kept at an artificial level by the so-called diamond trust. No such private combine manipulates gold, and it has always been the most favored medium of international exchange. Moreover, as far as Louis has been able to find out, it has never, since the beginning of history, declined in price. "If you wanted to leave a bequest for your descendants to use a hundred years from now and were given a choice of gold or paper currency, which would you choose?" he asked us. "Gold," we replied instantly. "That's the question we put to our customers," he said. "Then we say, 'Suppose you were a Frenchman and had bought an American twenty-dollar gold piece in 1914, for a hundred and two francs. Do you know what you could sell it for now? Twenty-one thousand francs. And there'd be hundreds of Frenchmen eager to buy it from you.' That kind of reasoning is irresistible." He picked up a cylinder of gold and, with the remark "It looks like a lot of dirt and pebbles, doesn't it?," handed it to us. The cylinder was much heavier than we'd expected. "Caught you by surprise, didn't I?" he said. "The contents of that cylinder weigh over eight pounds. That's because it's *gold*. That's because it's something that can't be destroyed. That's because it'll last a thousand years, or a hundred thousand." He stroked the seal at the top of the cylinder. "And he worth good money, too," he said.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Among the items listed as permissible gifts

sylvania, county jail are "small cakes (not homemade)."

Moon-Washed

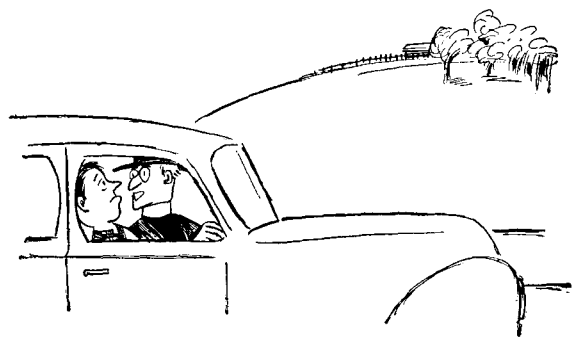
DRIVE-IN movie theatres have been springing up all over the country for the last year or so, the way miniature golf courses did in the late twenties, and now New York has a rather spectacular one. It's the Whitestone Bridge Drive-In Theatre, located on a twenty-two-acre tract in the Bronx, near where Bruckner Boulevard connects with the Hutchinson River Parkway and hard by the bridge after which it's named. We stopped by the other afternoon and sought out the manager, Mr. Harvey Elliott, whom we found engrossed in an inspection of a fence of cedar palings that had just been put up around the property. "There's a fence that will silver out beautifully with age," he said, and on this evidence that he takes a bullish view of the future we said we assumed that drive-in theatres aren't a passing fad. "Fad!" he exclaimed, making an imprecation of the word. "Let me tell you the drive-in theatre is no fad. This is a country on wheels. We like to eat on wheels, telephone on wheels, and listen to the radio on wheels. Why not see movies on wheels? Also, Americans like to do things the easy way, be it work or play. The drive-in is the easiest way there is to see a movie. Take the husband home from work—does he want to shave and change his clothes to go to a movie? No. And the children—why hire a baby-sitter for them when they can sleep in the back of the car? We encourage family trade. It accounts for eighty-six per cent of our business. Children under twelve are admitted free, and we've got a bottle-warming service for babies."

We found Mr. Elliott a reservoir of information on movie drive-ins. The South, Southwest, and Midwest have the greatest number per capita, he told us. Some of them provide pony rides and fireworks displays for the smaller

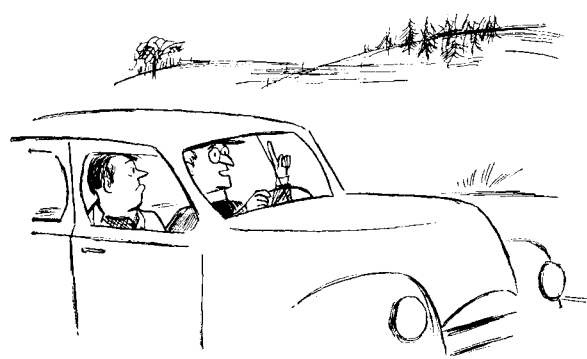
children. In California, you can have your laundry done while you are seeing the show, and several drive-ins in North Carolina provide a shopping service during a show. "In what old-fashioned theatre can you drink a Coke and eat frankfurts, French-frieds, and fried clams while watching a show?" he asked rhetorically. "Then again, in a drive-in theatre there's no question of standing in line waiting for tickets, no getting pushed around in crowds. A fat person who finds an ordinary theatre seat too small sees the show in perfect comfort. People who like to make comments aloud during a show make comments aloud. Smokers smoke. Young couples who want to hold hands hold hands." The first drive-in theatre was built in 1933, outside Camden, New Jersey, he told us, by a man named Hollinshead, who got a patent on it and has been suing other drive-in-theatre people ever since—without much success, apparently. There were only a hundred drive-ins in the whole country in 1940; now there are fifteen hundred, and two thousand under construction. The largest accommodate two thousand cars, at an average of 2.25 persons per car. The Whitestone Bridge Drive-In holds nine hundred cars. There's been no drive-in boom around here, because of the high cost of land and construction, Elliott said. The Whitestone was built by a Boston theatre man named, oddly enough, Michael Redstone and cost him about four hundred thousand dollars. It opened on August 12th.

Mr. Elliott regards the functioning of the Whitestone as simplicity itself. "The customer just drives through the gate there," he said. "Some drive-ins charge by the car, but we charge by the person. Sixty-five cents on week nights, seventy-four cents on weekends. No tickets required. No big trucks allowed. No motorcycles." The cars line up on ramps laid out in a series of semicircles around the screen. The ramps slant upward at an angle. The screen is of asbestos-

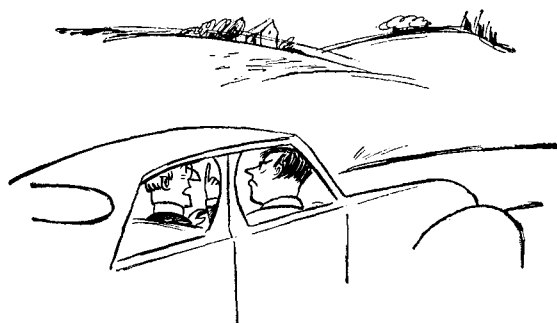
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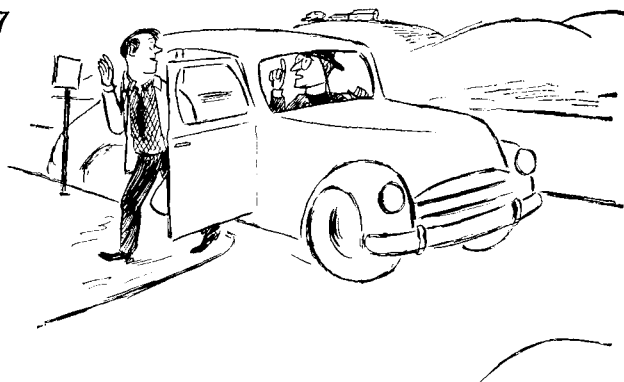
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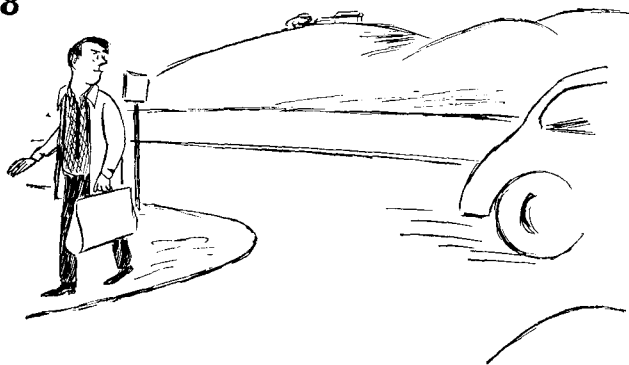
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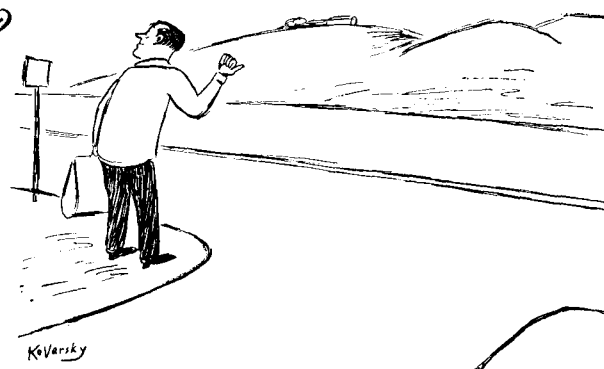
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cement boards painted a brilliant white. It is forty-three feet high and sixty-one feet wide, and its lower edge is thirty-two feet above the ground. It is pitched toward the cars at an angle of seventy-five degrees. Hanging on a post between every two cars are two weather-proof speakers, to which the movie sound track is wired. Customers simply reach out, pick up a speaker, and hang it in their car. It doesn't matter where. In the early drive-ins, a single big amplifier was used, and the manager was frequently hauled in for disturbing the peace. Moreover, patrons had to leave the windows of their cars open to catch the sound—not good in rainy or cold weather. Elliott figures that, with speakers inside the cars, the Whitestone Drive-In season will run from the first week in April to the last week in November. The whole parking area is illuminated by amber and green

floodlights, which give what he described as a "moon-washed" effect. "Prettiest thing you ever saw," he said. The projection booth is two hundred and sixty-four feet from the screen, and the projector is as powerful as the one in the Music Hall. "On opening night, we turned away eight thousand people," Elliott said. "Since then, we've averaged sixty per cent of capacity. The only thing that can slow us down is an ugly rumor going around that drive-ins are perfect for neckers. No such thing—not *real* necking. I had a police officer check the cars one night, and he reported that no one was paying the least bit of attention to anyone

else. Of course, we were showing an exceptionally good movie that night."

Nip and Tuck

ACCORDING to a notice posted in the Santa Monica, California, post office, setting forth the schedule of

helicopter and truck air-mail service to the Los Angeles Airport, the helicopters make the trip in sixty-five minutes and the fastest truck makes it in sixty-four minutes.

Unchanged

THE baseball used in the major leagues is between nine and nine and a quarter inches in circumference and weighs between five and five and a quarter ounces, pursuant to Section 1 of Rule 14 of the Official Playing Rules. A thousand and fifty feet of yarn are used in each ball, or enough to go almost three times around the bases of a diamond. It takes eighty-eight inches of waxed twine to hold the cover together. An experienced stitcher can sew a cover up in ten minutes. The cover is fifty-thousandths of an inch thick. A. G. Spalding & Brothers use up the hides of several thousand horses a year for baseball covers. One horse provides about fifty covers. The hide of city horses is better for the purpose than that of country horses, because city horses spend most of their off hours indoors and eat sumptuously, while country horses are out in the weather, foraging for themselves. The big-league baseball is essentially what it was twenty years ago, and the so-called "lively ball" is a myth, a fiction, a figment of the imagination; there isn't any such thing. It was a desire to be enlightened on this last point that sent us hiking around to Spalding's the other day. For years, we've been reading the offhand, knowing references of sportswriters to the "lively ball," reading them by the hundreds. We've even read that the constitution of the big-league baseball is a top, tight-held secret. No secret whatever, it turned out.

The Spalding spokesman we consulted was Mr. Lou E. Coleman, who is vice-president in charge of sales, thirty-seven years in the baseball-making business. Leaning forward in his chair, he said firmly, "The ball hasn't changed. The game has changed." Baseballs are hit oftener and farther now, he said, and scores are larger than they were twenty years ago because pitchers are no longer allowed to throw spitters, emery balls, shine balls, and so on, because batters are now taught to swing from the heels, rather than place-hit, and because fences and stands have been built nearer the home plate. "In the old days, a batter never knew what devious route a pitch was going to take," continued Mr. Coleman. "It could skim, float, or dive. A lot of sharp-

eyed batters these days can tell where a ball is going the minute it leaves the pitcher's hand." He produced a baseball from a desk drawer. "I'll have this cut in half, so you can see what's in it," he said. We asked if it might explode. He reassured us, and led the way into the shipping room, where one Mr. Belger was restringing a badminton racket in a vise, and asked him to cut the baseball in two. Mr. Belger removed the racket from the vise, screwed the vise back together, so that it held the bottom section of the ball, picked up a formidable-looking knife, and prepared to slice. "Watch your fingers, Howard!" warned Mr. Coleman. "Slippery!" Mr. Belger nodded, frowning in concentration, and proceeded. "The cork is the toughest part," he said. "Ah!" He held up the baseball, halved. The insides were threatening to come out, and he bound them up with wire.

On the way back to his office, Mr. Coleman paused to point out the cork center of the ball, a layer of black rubber around it, a layer of pink rubber around the black rubber, a layer of blue-gray wool yarn, a layer of white wool yarn, another layer of blue-gray wool, a thin layer of cotton thread, and the cover, which, he explained, is cemented on. We asked why the rubber and the wool yarn are of different colors. Mr. Coleman shrugged and said "Custom," and told us that the resilience of a baseball depends mostly on the kind of yarn used and the degree of tightness with which it is wound.

Back in his office, Mr. Coleman skimmed through the history of the baseball since 1865, and we jotted down a few high points. In 1865, Ben Shibe, a leatherworker, and Al Reach, a professional ballplayer, got together to manufacture baseballs to given specifications, so that they would perform consistently. In 1876, the National League came into existence and Spalding's, which had started as simply a retail sporting-goods store, began making baseballs for it. A few years later, the firm bought out the Shibe-Reach company, which was then named A. J. Reach & Co. In 1900, the American League came into existence, and Spald-

ing's supplied it with balls, too, but these didn't bear the Spalding name, as did the National League balls. The new league wanted to be different, and the balls were stamped "Reach." They are so stamped to this day. For a period in the thirties, the National League had its balls made with a cover sixty-thousandths of an inch thick, sewed with five-strand thread instead of four-strand thread. This produced more of a seam, and the pitchers could throw sharper hooks. The effect on batting, we have read somewhere, was that a hit ball allowed to wear out its momentum went seventy-five feet less. At the end of the thirties, the Leagues got together on a uniform cover and uniform stitching. From 1941 until the end of the war, balata was used instead of rubber around the cork core, and synthetic-rubber cement was used to affix the cover. These improvisations were held to have no perceptible effect. Since the end of the war, baseballs have been back to normal. We asked Mr. Coleman how many baseballs the two major leagues use up in a season, and he said that that is a secret.

Very Interesting

WE observe the close of the New England auction season by noting that among the articles disposed of at a recent sale of household articles in mid-Connecticut was a Perrier bottle, circa 1948, with the label washed off. The auctioneer found it on the premises, presented it as "a very interesting old bottle," and worked the bidding up to \$2.50.

All Clean

THE Fourth Session of the United Nations General Assembly got under way on Tuesday, September 20th, at 11:25 A.M. By then, the sun had been up for hours and so had we. In fact, we had reached Flushing Meadow together, the sun on an old errand and we on a new, fairly romantic one, which was to cast a glance about the parleying place before the parleying began. We approached Gate No. 12 and were challenged by a guard. "M'r'n," he said, then yawned widely and asked, "Can you identify yourself?" We could and did, and proceeded up a concrete road toward the Assembly Building. "Go on, enjoy yourself," the guard called after us. "The public's got a right to come five hours early." The fifty-nine flagpoles in the circle in front of the Assembly Building were bare. We found



the front doors of the building locked. We went around to the side and met a squirrel pawing the ground under a crab-apple tree; he stared us down, steady-eyed. We found a door open in the rear, leading to a stairway, and then we heard somebody whistling "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" somewhere on the second floor.

As we went up the stairs, the whistling suddenly was cut off. We continued along an empty corridor. A series of windowless cubicles opened off it; some had tables and typewriters but no chairs; one held four teletype machines; another was labelled "Radio News Desk" but contained only a big wall clock. We tried a closed door, and it opened onto the gallery of the General Assembly Hall. We came upon a porter with a broom and dustpan. It was he who had been, and was, whistling "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." When he saw us, he stopped whistling and wished us good morning. We told him our business. "Myself, I plan to go out and sit in the sunshine in the park all this morning," he said. "I've been here since midnight—

long enough. I cleaned the whole floor up here thorough. This is the worst part. Gets awful dusty. I like to fix it real comfortable for all the reporters who sit back here. They got a lot to contend with." On a blackboard attached to one wall was chalked the message "THIS GALLERY RESERVED FOR WORKING NEWSPAPERMEN. APPLAUSE IS NOT PERMITTED."

On our way down to the first floor, a guard in a brown sweater overhauled us. "I wondered whose feet were making those prints on our floor," he said. "We just got it all freshly waxed. Don't worry about it, though. There'll be plenty of other prints on the floor by tonight." Acting on a hint from us, he led us into the office of Secretary General Lie, appraising it carefully for dust and for anything out of place or missing. "No pencils," he said. "I imagine the Secretary is expected to bring his own pencils." We accompanied the guard out onto the rostrum of the hall. Behind it was a gold-colored map of the world. "Now, I don't care much for the world in gold," the guard said. "Too showy." He ran his hand over the leather seat of one of three high-backed chairs. "All clean," he



"This is a stickup!"

said. "All clean and ready for the new President. It'll be General Romulo. A very friendly man, General Romulo. Always wanting to shake hands." We left the guard and made our way past the delegates' desks. A young man in overalls, a watchman's clock slung over his shoulder, came by and took off the cover of a machine marked "Temperature Recorder." "We have to watch this thing twenty-four hours a day," he said. "Can't let the temperature go too high, or the delegates would take off their coats. How would *that* look in the newsreels?"

We walked through the empty public lounge and, guided by a smell of fresh coffee, into the cafeteria. A man was busy with a big coffee urn. "Have a cup on the house," he said. "We don't start taking money till eight o'clock." We had a cup of coffee and then, at the invitation of our benefactor, had a look at the kitchen. It smelled warmly and pleasantly of beef stew. "Three thousand lunches today!" the man said. "Beef stew is the favorite here, next to curry of spring lamb à l'Indienne. And today we're having hot cherry tarts for dessert." We saw that it was nearly eight o'clock, the hour the Admissions

office opens, and we reached it in time to overhear the first diplomatic problem of the day. A lady whose sister, holder of an opening-day ticket, had sprained her ankle wanted to know if she could come in her sister's place. The answer was yes. The corridors were rapidly filling up with people. Porters were moving chairs and opening doors and windows. Everybody was shaking hands with everybody else. "It's just like the first day of school," a strange gentleman said, pumping our hand. We walked outside, trailing a guard pushing a wagonload of flags. We watched him as he raised the flags, one by one, to the tops of the poles in the circle. They went up into the sunlight in alphabetical order, starting with Afghanistan.

Rough Ride

IN Grand Central the other afternoon, a newly arrived young lady was overheard telling a friend about her train trip. "Oh, was it mad!" she exclaimed. "All the way from Boston, everybody was in the diner getting drunk, like they were going to Chicago."



YOU AND WHO ELSE?

PALEY was planning to tell his wife he was mixed up with Mrs. Tatum. Ten months before, they'd been thrown together on a citizens' study committee for improvement of the town museum, and, the committee's work done but their relations rooted, he had managed a series of fairly regular rendezvous since, simply by telling his wife he was out bowling at Pfemister's Greater Alleys—a ruse that had cost him nothing but the sacrifice of that recreation. Now Mrs. Tatum didn't feel she could go on in this clandestine and demoralizing way; it was time, she thought, that he brought matters to a head and made a choice one way or another. She herself happened to be a divorcée.

Watching his wife carry her sewing paraphernalia to the living-room sofa after dinner, Paley thought he ought to break the news before she got to work on a suede blazer of his that was included in a pile of garments she had collected to mend. But she took up a blouse of hers first, and he sat silent. He watched her yank off a loose button preliminary to sewing it on securely. The act seemed to establish their evening tableau, and the tableau to define the limits of their bond. Where this left off, the other began; just beyond the circuit of conventional cooking and remembered buttons lay the sour-cream dishes and worldly inflections of Mrs. Tatum.

"What are you trying to do, hypmatize me?" his wife asked, with no apparent need to raise her eyes to know his own were fixed on her.

Hypmatize, he thought. How, having been exposed to Mrs. Tatum's wave length, could he be satisfied with a woman who kept port in the icebox and said "hypmatize"? Still, telling her would not be easy. Mrs. Tatum said a woman was like the mandrake, which, according to legend, shrieks when uprooted.

He went to the kitchen for some ice cubes, and while carrying them to the cellarette in the living room and mixing up a highball, he looked back on the sixteen years of his marriage. He reviewed the little private jokes, the household shorthand. There had been, from the first, an imaginary Mr. Quackenbush, who represented overtime. "I've got to see Mr. Quackenbush, so don't expect me home for dinner," he would phone from the city to say. "Well, get rid of him as soon as possible," his wife would answer. "Allardyce never did this." Allardyce was her mythical first husband—a device she would use to

chide him whimsically. "Allardyce never spilled ashes on the rug," she would say. These things now made him wince. The names were all wrong—he could see that.

He finished making his drink and sat down with it, remembering other things. Sometimes he had come home with a crazy story, such as the announcement that he had been embezzling funds at the office, and they would make a rigmarole of that. He gave a shake of his head, as though this might shed the plague of reminiscence.

"What's the matter with you?" his wife asked.

"I'm having an affair," he said.

"Oh?" she said. "You and who else?"

"Mrs. Tatum." He rose, walked over to a stand of plants near the window, and inanely inspected a bloom. After some moments of silence, he looked over his shoulder, and saw that his wife was holding up the blouse in both hands, for scrutiny, and smiling absently.

"And you want your freedom," she said, in a tone familiar to him as the one with which she had always fallen in with his folderol. A slight chill raised the hairs along the back of his neck. She settled herself with a cozy wriggle. "So she is now the light of your life, the object of all your dreams," she went on, with excruciating zest.

Standing in the middle of the room, with one hand in his trousers pocket, Paley finished off his drink in four swallows, letting the ice cubes slide against his teeth as the last of the liquid trickled through. The cubes dropped with a clunk when he lowered the glass. "Right," he said. He set the glass down on the coffee table.

"Well, you owed it to me to tell me, and I appreciate that," she said. She selected a sourball from a dish on the table and poked it into her mouth. He picked up his glass again and headed for the cellarette.

"I was with her on that study committee, you know. We were thrown together a lot," he said. "Well, the com-

mittee disbanded, and, finding we had to see each other, we did so secretly."

"Real clandestine," she said, bringing Paley's problem to further focus by stressing the first syllable of the word.

"Real clandestine," he echoed, by way of bearing down on an aching tooth.

His wife grinned, the sourball tucked in one cheek. "She still say 'an hardware store'?" she asked. She paused to reflect. "Where was it we stopped to talk to her and she told us about the 'warranty' on her gas stove that she couldn't get any satisfaction on?"

"At the tobacconist's," he answered.

Mrs. Paley bobbed her head in fresh mirth. "'Tobacconist.' That's right. Another one of her words. Little old Sontag and his cigar store. A tobacconist." She savored this, then continued, musingly, after a moment, "Old Somerset."

He dropped another cube of ice into his glass with a clack. "Old what?"

"Oh, one of the women at the bridge club calls her that. She says 'somerset' for 'somersault.'"

"She doesn't say 'somersault' for 'somerset,'" he said tersely.

"How about it?" she asked. "You used to that walking-on-eggs way she has of talking yet, through all the nights of love?"

He was almost more aware of the clatter of the candy in her teeth than of her words. He debated waiting till the sourball had dissolved before trying to get a grip on the discussion. But he poured bourbon over the ice, splashed in some sparkling water, and plowed ahead. "She doesn't say 'wreckanize,'" he said, in a voice that had gained in tension what it might have lost in volume.

MRS. PALEY raised her head and looked at him. She watched his back as long as he stood with it turned to her. "She says 'Friday next.'" She also spoke in a just perceptibly lowered tone. "She says 'Friday next,' and 'bet your boots,' when even Englishmen say 'betcha boots.'"

He turned around, and her head dropped again over her work.

"She doesn't say 'hypmatize,'" he said, crossing the room with the glass in his hand. "And she doesn't say 'apricot' and 'dark-complected' and 'ump-teen.'" He stood beside the window. "And you don't have to tell me her diction is good. I know that."

She ground up the candy with her teeth and then was a while swallowing the fragments. "We used to call it



elocation," she said when the crunching had died away. She held the garment at arm's length once more for inspection. "I will say she was good at teaching it to the kids for graduation exercises and all, whatever name you want to call it by," Mrs. Paley said fairly. "But then her appearance is in her favor. I always said it was imposing, with those large, dark, horn-rimmed glasses."

Standing at the window looking out, Paley took a sip of his highball. "Mrs. Tatum is the only woman in this town you can get conversation out of, as distinguished from just talk," he said.

"Can you remember any, offhand?" Mrs. Paley picked snippets of thread and stored them on her tongue.

He brushed a speck from the sill with his little finger. "Once she said, 'One gets what one pays for in cheap restaurants, just as one pays for what one gets in good ones.'" He turned to regard his wife for the effect of this.

She worked the tips of her pinking shears around an inside seam, drawing her lips taut in the effort. "What else?"

He could recall other minor but per-

ceptive remarks Mrs. Tatum had made, such as the observation that all business colleges are on the second floor and that realtors sit in their offices with their hats on, but he saw no need to squander them in this discussion. "She's a woman of refinement," he said. "She's got over three hundred classical phonograph records."

"Not alone that, she puts 'ish' behind more things than anybody." His wife drew a fresh length of thread from a spool. "I sat next to her at a table at the country-club dance for a half hour, and in that time the weather was good-ish, the orchestra was fairish, and—let's see, what else?—she had to go because it was oneish."

"What if I asked for a divorce?"

She broke off the thread and wet the end of it between her lips. Paley stooped to fish a handful of salted nuts from a dish on a table near him. "I suppose," she said, aiming her thread at the eye of her needle, "that you were gadding around with her all those nights when you told me you were out with Quackenbush."

"Quackenbush hasn't got anything to

do with this!" he said, spreading his arms. "Let's leave Quackenbush out of it!"

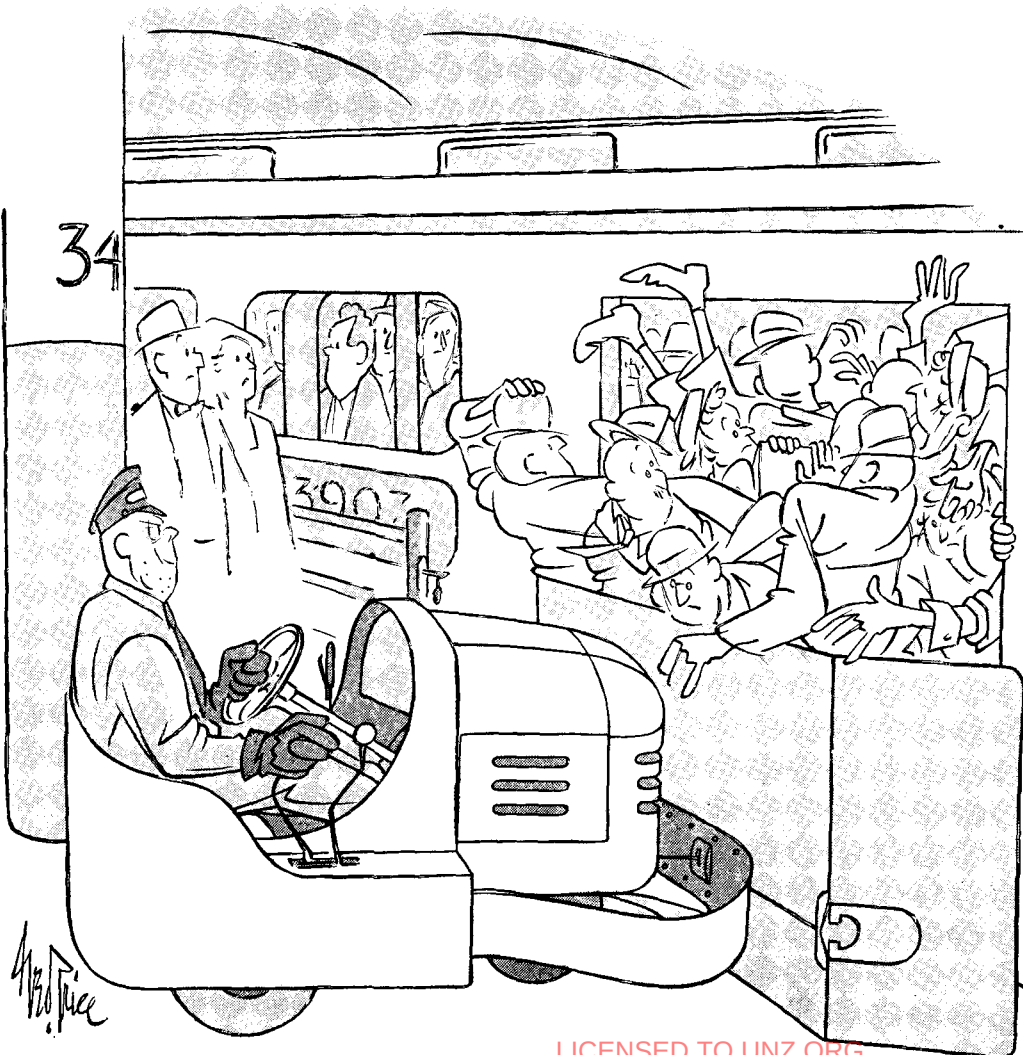
"Well!" she said, dropping her hands in her lap with elaborate distress, for she had no intention of being lured into the key he was striving to pitch the colloquy in. "A divorce." She resumed threading the needle. "Just leave me your shirt," she said, pulling the thread through and knotting the two ends with a single movement of one hand that always impressed him. "The same as I got out of Allardyce, you know. No need for any trouble that I can see. The car is in my name, I co-own the house, and the bank account is joint." She rummaged in the pile of clothing beside her on the sofa and brought up the blazer. "I'll fight to the best of my ability to save you from yourself, the same as I did with Allardyce, and if it's no go—why, I'll have plenty consolation."

Paley had once tried to stand up in a hammock. He and several others had had a sort of contest to see who could stay longest on his feet. He had kept his balance for a few moments, swinging violently from side to side, and finally pitched off. He had a sensation of rocking similarly now.

"I think I'd like a drink, too," Mrs. Paley said, settling the blazer on her lap to sew a button on that also. He started for the cellarette. "No, some port. There's a bottle in the icebox."

Now he pitched out of the hammock. He had long ago pointed out that putting port on ice was ridiculous, that nobody did it, only to have her dig out a women's magazine with an article about drinks in it. It contained the statement "A few drinkers know that the English occasionally chill port, mostly for use as an apéritif." He had gnashed his teeth at the ground this lost him—at the hopelessness of ever explaining that only by the purest fluke had she hit on this thing, that you had to know enough *not* to chill port before you did chill it. You reached a point where you said "swanky," then passed it. She had reached it; he had passed it.

Paley got the port without audible protest, poured a glass, and set it beside her. "What consolation did you mean a



THE RULES OF THE GAME

THE moment Mr. McCabe's bulky figure appeared at the top of the three steps leading down into the sunken living room, Walter Bradford was aware of how unfortunate it was that he had asked Mr. McCabe to drop in for a drink on this particular Sunday afternoon. There was a sudden, embarrassing silence around the coffee table, and everybody seemed to stiffen. Old Dr. Redlich, who had been discoursing on his favorite theory—that *Bundeskanzler* Dollfuss, not Hitler, was really the one to blame for Austria's downfall—stopped abruptly in the middle of an involved German sentence. Melanie Altmann brushed a few cake crumbs off her taffeta frock, which had been fashionable sixteen years before in Vienna and had been altered twice since the advent of the New Look. Her husband fumbled with his necktie.

It was definitely unfortunate, Walter said to himself. Of course, he couldn't have foreseen that the Altmanns and Dr. Redlich would drop in uninvited just today. Walter hadn't seen them since he'd moved out of the city eight months before. Well, there was nothing he could do about it now. He got up to welcome his guest. "Hello, Mr. McCabe," he said, extending his hand. "Glad you could make it."

Mr. McCabe was about to grasp the outstretched hand when his heel caught on the top step and he twisted around and clutched the stair rail. "Wow!" he said. "That was close. Would be too bad to have to sue a man the first time you stepped into his house." He broke into laughter and patted Walter's back, staring at him with an air of expectancy. Walter forced a polite smile, though he didn't see anything funny in Mr. McCabe's remark. Well, maybe it *was* funny. It was so hard to say.

Mr. McCabe was a ponderous man with a healthy, outdoor complexion—a little too healthy, perhaps. He was a widower and half retired, Walter had been told, spending only two or three days a week at the office of the small but rather well-known investment-banking firm in Wall Street in which he was a partner. Almost every afternoon, Mr. McCabe was at the nearby golf club.

Dr. Redlich and Altmann had got

erect and still, almost at attention, like soldiers about to be inspected by an officer. Melanie Altmann was sitting up stiffly.

"Mr. McCabe," Walter said to the others. "Mr. McCabe lives in that big Colonial house down the road. His daughter goes to school with our Peggy." He pointed at his guests. "Mrs. Altmann. Mr. Altmann. Dr. Redlich."

"How do you do, sir?" said Dr. Redlich, bowing ceremoniously from the waist and thrusting out his hand in a clipped, military gesture. He was a pompous, podgy man with clumps of gray hair around his bald pate, and he was wearing a pince-nez that was fastened by a ribbon to the top button of his vest. Dr. Redlich always wore a vest with his suit, even on warm summer afternoons, and he preferred dark suits, blue or black. Back in Vienna, he had been a prominent bank manager, economist, and art collector. He was a bachelor and had had the reputation of being a fastidious dresser.

Mr. McCabe seemed startled for a fraction of a second. Then he took Dr. Redlich's hand and shook it heartily. Mrs. Altmann relaxed and said, "Won't you sit down, please, *ja*?" Her husband nodded and murmured something that sounded like "d'a meet you."

Mitzi Bradford came in from the kitchen, carrying a coffeepot. "Darling, this is Mr. McCabe," Walter said. "My wife."

"Hello," Mitzi said. She put down the coffeepot and gave Mr. McCabe her hand. "I would have recognized you at once. You have your daughter's eyes."

"I should think it's the other way around,"

Mr. McCabe said, laughing, holding Mitzi's hand. Walter smiled. The Altmanns looked on unsmiling, and Dr. Redlich frowned.

"Ellen McCabe and our Peggy are great friends," Mitzi explained.

"Please sit down, Mr. McCabe. I've just made fresh coffee. You must have some, with whipped cream."

"Coffee?" Mr. McCabe said.

"*Ja, ja*," Melanie Altmann said. "Time for our *Jause*."

"Beg your pardon?" said Mr. McCabe.

"*Kaffeebraten*, as the Germans said," Dr. Redlich explained. "In Austria, we

called it *Jause*. Characterized by the consumption of vast amounts of strong coffee, topped off with whipped cream, which was called *Schlagobers* in Vienna and *Schlagsahne* in Germany, but if you would so much as mention the word '*Schlagsahne*' in our Vienna, you would—"

"Please, Dr. Redlich," Walter said. He noticed, for the second time, the puzzled expression in Mr. McCabe's eyes. Mr. McCabe seemed wondering and confused, as though he had momentarily lost his way in the middle of a noisy, sprawling, foreign city.

"*Bitte*, have some of the *Apfelkuchen*," Melanie Altmann said, offering the plate to Mr. McCabe. "*Wunderbar*. Mitzi made it herself." After eight years in America, Melanie Altmann still talked a mixture of German and English.

Walter took Mr. McCabe's arm. "Let's go to the bar. You'll want a drink."

Mr. McCabe nodded, and he and Walter left the coffee table and went to the built-in bar, at the other end of the large living room.

"I knew this place when old Judge Adams lived here," Mr. McCabe said. He seemed to be looking for something. Across from them, at the coffee table, Dr. Redlich resumed his lecture about *Bundeskanzler* Dollfuss, in subdued German. "Didn't you change the layout?" Mr. McCabe said, still glancing around.

"That glass door over there," Walter said. "We had it broken through to the garden. And my wife had this room redecorated. Mitzi—Mrs. Bradford—is crazy about Early American furniture. What will you have?"

"Well, I'm afraid I had a bit more rye than was good for me last evening. Guess I'd better have a hair of the dog."

"Pardon me?"

Mr. McCabe was still glancing around. "Rye-and-soda, please," he said over his shoulder.

Walter reached for the bottle of rye, thankful that McCabe apparently had not noticed his bewilderment. But why should rye-and-soda be "hair of the dog"? He had thought that at least he'd mastered the American drinking vocabulary. After a few years of trial and error, he had learned to mix cocktails. In fact, he'd become quite good at it, and occasionally one of his American friends would compliment him on his Daiquiris. At such moments, he would have a feeling of new assurance, almost of achievement—like the feel-





"Just listen to this, Henry! A very artistic woman in West Virginia is going to weave you a suit."

ing he had after using a slang word in the right place, or watching himself in the mirror after he'd bought his first American suit. He mixed a drink for McCabe and handed it to him, then he mixed one for himself.

McCabe lifted his glass and said, "Cheers." Then he began a long account of the Adams place as he had known it in the old days.

WALTER nodded and made an occasional comment, but he only half listened. Hair of the dog, he thought. An offhand remark, an idiomatic expression, and a blank wall rose in front of you, a wall of uncertainty, painful conjecture, and final embarrassment. You could ask questions and admit your ignorance, or could keep quiet and remain confused. It was one hell of a dilemma, and there was no way of getting around it. Walter wished he had come to this country as young as Peggy had, and not at the age of thirty-four.

Peggy spoke English the way Ellen

McCabe and the other American kids did, with no accent. She was eleven. She had been eight months old when her parents brought her to America, late in 1938. They were from Vienna, where their name had been Blum. When they had gone to file their citizenship papers, in New York, Walter had asked permission to change his name to Bradford, Walter Bradford.

His European friends hadn't approved of the change. Dr. Redlich, a lifelong friend of Walter's dead parents, had said that Blum was an old Jewish name, nothing to be ashamed of. "It was good enough for your grandfather, in Poland, and for your father, when he moved to Vienna. It should be good enough for you here. It isn't even hard to spell."

"It's not American," Walter had said. "It makes you conspicuous. People like you and I must try to submerge, Dr. Redlich. We must get Americanized fast. We haven't much time left."

"There's no sense pretending," Dr. Redlich had said sullenly. "Walter

Bradford! Ridiculous! As soon as you open your mouth, they'll hear your accent—"

"My accent is all right," Walter had said quickly. "After all, my two years at Cambridge . . ." He had given an angry shrug. Dr. Redlich had a way of meddling in other people's affairs. "If you want to play the game, you've got to observe the rules." Dr. Redlich had stared at him hard, and Walter had turned and walked away, and that had been the end of their conversation.

"That old fool is getting on my nerves," Walter had said later to Mitzi. She had nodded. Mitzi was blond, pretty, and plump (*mollert* was the Viennese expression). She liked to wear dirndls and was delighted to discover that they had become acceptable, even fashionable, in America. She was devoted to Walter and had long before come to the conclusion that he could do no wrong. Well, he hadn't let her down. They had come over with little money and no connections at all. The

funnies. They wore dungarees, which were rolled up to below the knees, and faded sweaters. Ever since the Bradfords moved out here, Peggy and Ellen had been inseparable. But then children made friends so much easier, especially a well-balanced girl like Peggy.

"Those two get along like a million dollars," Walter said, pointing at the girls.

"They certainly do," McCabe said. He stopped in the middle of the lawn. "Say, did you speak English before you came to this country?"

"I went to Cambridge," Walter said. Mr. McCabe looked at Walter with an air of new interest, almost with warmth. It gave Walter a feeling of deep satisfaction. "I was a student there before the war," Walter went on.

"That's it!" McCabe exclaimed. He nodded twice and seemed very pleased. "Your accent!" He cocked his head toward the living room behind them, from which the muted, monotonous voice of Dr. Redlich came out. "It's different. We were in England in the summer of '36. Had a wonderful trip."

"I've always liked England," Walter said.

The two men continued on across the lawn. "Your garden's in good shape," McCabe said, glancing around.

"You should have been here two weeks ago," Walter said. "We had a man until then, but he gave notice."

"A gardener?"

"Yes. Fellow named Sikorski."

"Those Polacks just aren't reliable," McCabe declared, shaking his head vigorously. "Now, I have Frank Hopkins, a local man. Frank's father used to work for my father. Frank would never let me down."

"I wish he could take care of our place," Walter said.

"Let me talk to him," McCabe said. "Maybe Frank can squeeze you in."

"Thanks a lot," Walter said.

They had reached the tree under which the girls were lying. Peggy sat up. "Hello, Mr. McCabe," she said, waving her hand.

Ellen remained lying on her stomach. "Hi, Pop," she said.

The comics section of the Sunday paper was lying in front of

them. Walter never read the comics. He didn't understand them.

"Having fun, girls?" he asked. Ellen gave him a short glance and nodded. Walter always felt a trace of self-consciousness in Ellen McCabe's presence. Sometimes he would talk to her and she would stare at him blankly, as though she didn't quite understand what he was saying. Grownups at least pretended to understand you, but children never did.

Peggy said, "How do you like my mansion, Mr. McCabe?" She moved her arm in a sweeping gesture toward the bushes, the lawn, and the house behind it.

"You've got yourself quite a place here, Peggy," said McCabe, and laughed. He winked at Walter.

"Yeah, but Peggy's lonely in her big mansion," Ellen said.

"Lonely?" Walter said, startled.

"Peggy's an orphan. Like Little Orphan Annie."

Ellen turned over and sat up. "I think we ought to have a dinner party this evening," she said to Peggy very gravely.

Peggy nodded, frowning. "It might break up the monotony of my sordid existence," she said.

McCabe laughed, pointing at the comic supplement, and spilled a little of his whiskey. "Sure," he said. "A dinner party. Formal. And Daddy Warbucks is going to fix it."

Walter stood there watching Peggy. He was proud of his daughter, talking like a grownup with Mr. McCabe, but he didn't know what they were talking about. He wanted to ask who Daddy Warbucks was, but he didn't. Some-

how, he was afraid to. There were times, like this, when Peggy was almost a stranger to him, talking her own language. It was as if she and Ellen and Mr. McCabe were members of a secret society that Walter hadn't been asked to join. Well, girls at that age *were* funny, Mitzi used to say, and Mitzi ought to know. He gently stroked Peggy's hair.

"What you got in that glass, Pop?" Ellen McCabe asked.

"Nothing for you," McCabe said, and laughed.

"Want something to drink, Ellen?" Walter said. "Come on in. I'll open a couple of Cokes."

"We'll be there in a minute," Peggy said, and they turned back to the funnies.

Walter and McCabe walked away from the girls. "I want you to know how pleased I am that Ellen has found such a nice friend," McCabe said. The whiskey had deepened the reddish color of his cheeks. He gave Walter a jovial slap on the back. "Ever since my good wife died, I've been worrying about bringing up that child." He finished his drink and put the glass down on the arm of a lawn chair, and they walked toward the front of the house. "Well, I'd better run along now."

"Don't you want to come in and have another drink?"

"I think I'll go over to the club for an hour or so—get in a little putting practice. Say, how about coming over there with me sometime?"

"I—I'd be delighted," Walter said quickly. "But I don't play."

"Everybody's got to start *someday*,"



McCabe said. He got into his car, which was parked in front of the house. "Give my regards to Mrs. Bradford, will you? And say goodbye to your guests for me."

"I will," Walter said. "Next week, you must come over with Ellen and have dinner with us."

"Swell," McCabe said, and shifted into gear. "We'll do that. Be seeing you, Walter." He drove off.

WALTER stood there until the car had vanished around the curve in the road; then he went back into the house. He was whistling, and he took one jump down the three steps to the living room.

Dr. Redlich put on his pince-nez and looked at him. "Where's your American friend, Walter?"

The emphasis on the word "American" irritated Walter. "Mr. McCabe had to leave," he said curtly. "He sends regards to everybody."

"He's very nice," Mitzi said. "And the girls are such great friends."

"*Das ist aber nett*," said Melanie Altmann. "But it must be a strain to speak English all the time, *nicht wahr*? Especially on a Sunday afternoon, when one feels like relaxing."

The door to the garden was torn open, and Peggy and Ellen came in, breathless and laughing.

"Children, children!" Mitzi said.

"Hi, everybody!" Peggy shouted.

Ellen said, "Hi!"

"*Halloh, Kinder!*" exclaimed Melanie Altmann. She turned toward Dr. Redlich. "*Ist das die Tochter vom Amerikaner?*"

"Ja, natürlich," Dr. Redlich answered. He put on his pince-nez and studied Ellen. "*Fesches Mädel*," he said.

"Have some *Apfelkuchen*, children," Melanie Altmann said. "It's *wunderbar*."

Ellen had suddenly become quiet. There was a puzzled look in her eyes—the same look that Walter had noticed twice in Mr. McCabe's eyes. But, being younger, Ellen was less concerned about concealing it. She stood there, a little lost, her lips open, staring at the people around the coffee table.

Then Walter noticed that Peggy, too, had become quiet. She was looking at Ellen, and the whites of her eyes had become unnaturally big, reflecting something Walter had never seen there before. She seemed unable to move, and her body was tense.

Walter felt his face grow hot. He got up quickly and walked to the bar.

BOSTON IS LIKE NO OTHER PLACE IN THE WORLD ONLY MORE SO

When I am out of funds and sorts
And life is all in snarls,
I quit New York and travel east
To Boston on the Charles.

In Boston, life is smoother far,
It's easier and freer,
Where every boy's a Harvard man
And every man's a skier.

And there I know a small hotel
Whose rates are not too high,
Alive with ancient Boston dames
Who have refused to die.

A lobby full of stately palms,
A chef that's quite insane,
Martinis yellow as the rose
And warm as summer rain.

There's something in the Boston scene
So innocent, so tranquil,
It takes and holds my interest
The same as any bank will.

For Boston's not a capital,
And Boston's not a place;
Rather I think that Boston is
A sort of state of grace.

The people's lives in Boston
Are flowers blown in glass;
On Commonwealth, on Beacon,
They bow and speak and pass.

No man grows old in Boston,
No lady ever dies;
No youth is ever wicked,
No infant ever cries.

No orthodox Bostonian
Is lonely or dejected,
For everyone in Boston
With everyone's connected.

Where hackmen have peculiar names
And relatives afar,
And one can watch the Chrysler spire
Bisect the morning star.

—E. B. WHITE

So intricate the pattern
The barroom of the Ritz
Becomes a jigsaw puzzle,
Each life a piece that fits.

At symphonies and weddings
The young debts spend their days;
They glide through cocktail lounges
Carrying huge bouquets.

Each Boston girl is swept along
Down the predestined channel
To where she meets a Boston boy
Alert in Brooksian flannel,

Magnificent in fallen socks,
His hair like stubble weeds,
His elbow patch an earnest of
The fellowship of tweeds.

When Muzak plays in Boston,
It wakes celestial strings,
And I can sit in Boston
And think of many things,

For Boston's not a capital,
And Boston's not a place;
Rather I feel that Boston is
The perfect state of grace.

After a week of Boston
I rise and take the train,
And I am always very glad
To see New York again.

New York seems doubly beautiful,
Its air as clear as Heaven's;
New York—where life is always
At sixes and at sevens,

Where no one ever marries right,
And girls go off their trolley,
And young men go to N.Y.U.,
To Fordham, and to Poly,

"Come on, girls," he said. "Let's have some Cokes."

Peggy gave Ellen a slight push, and the girls came after him. At the bar, Ellen McCabe turned around and glanced back at the Altmanns and Dr.

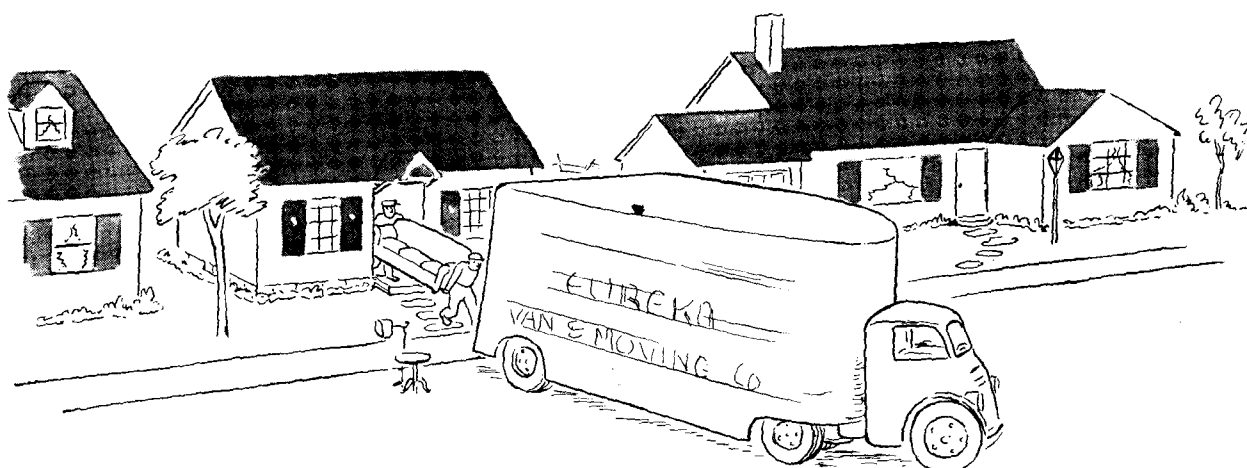


Redlich, who had resumed his German monologue, reviewing in great detail *Bundeskanzler* Dollfuss's last speech before his assassination.

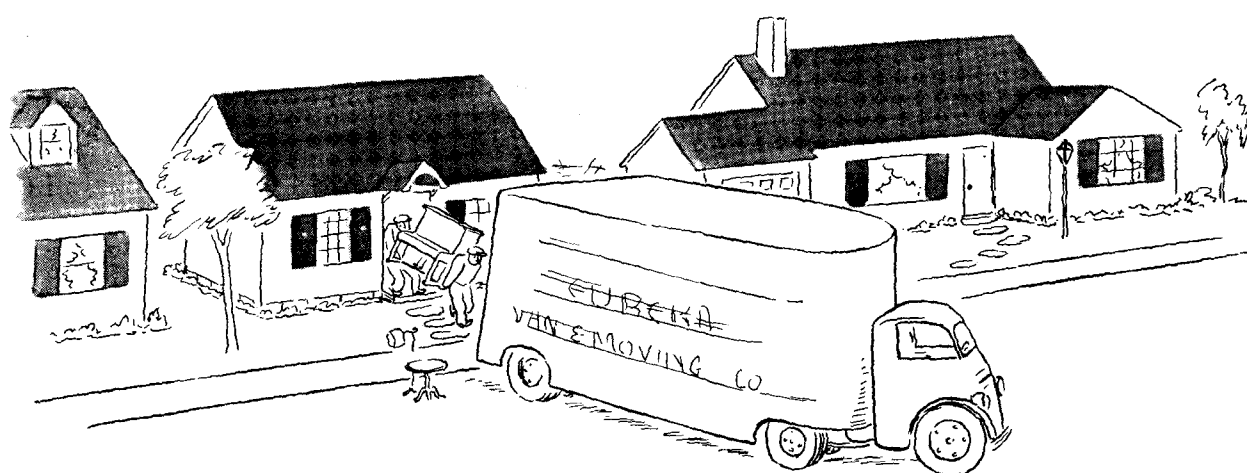
Peggy took the two Coke bottles out of Walter's hands with a jerk and reached out for the bottle opener. She avoided looking at Ellen. She seemed anxious to get out of the living room and back into the garden.

"Wait a moment, Peggy darling," Walter said, "let me help you." He

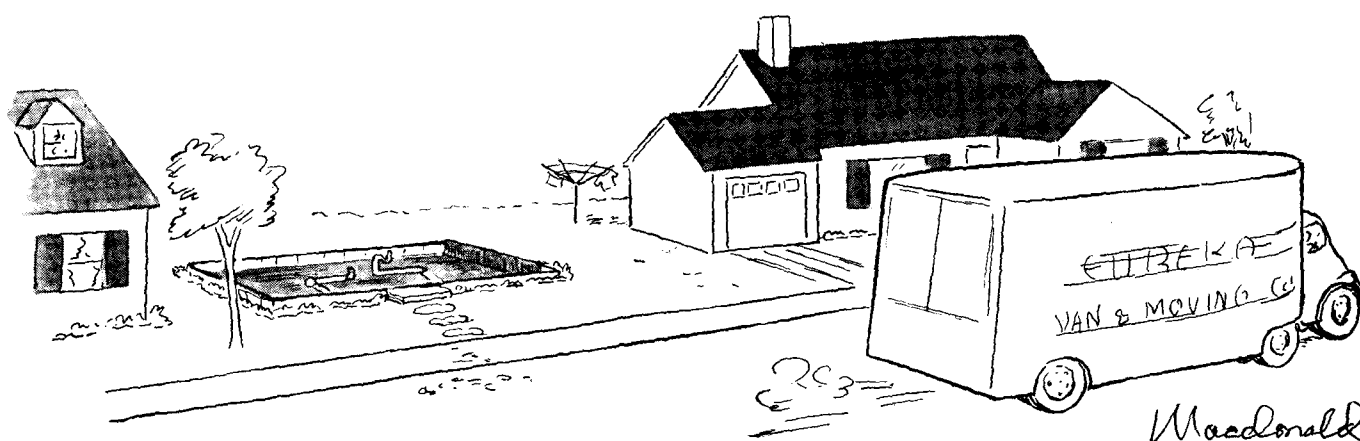
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really wanted to say something quite different to his child, but he knew that he couldn't find the right words and never would.

Peggy shook her head impatiently and opened one of the bottles. She let the cap fall to the floor and handed the bottle to Ellen. While she was opening the other bottle, the opener slid down the neck of the bottle, scratching the skin of her hand, but she didn't seem to notice it.

"Let me see your hand, dear," Walter said. Peggy didn't look at him. She

threw the opener back at the bar, but she misjudged the distance, and the opener fell to the floor, too. "Let's go!" she said to Ellen in an urgent, low voice, and ran quickly through the door, without looking back. Ellen went after her.

Walter picked up the bottle opener, in an unconscious movement, and absently put it back on the bar. Through the glass door he could see Peggy. She was walking across the lawn slowly and somewhat stiffly, almost like a grown-up person, her shoulders hunched, her head bent. For a second Walter was

ed to go after her, but then he turned and crossed the living room of their new, large—much too large—house, and sat with the group at the coffee table, without listening to the monotonous voice of Dr. Redlich. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

The four young men carried old-fashioned nosegays of deep rose carnations outlined by frills and wore coronets of the same flowers in their hair.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.



WHEN Lawrence Langner, co-director of the Theatre Guild, America's most celebrated theatrical organization, and senior partner in Langner, Parry, Card & Langner, one of America's most prosperous international-patent-and-trademark law firms, was a small boy in South Wales, he attended a lecture given by Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery, who had recently stepped down as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. His Lordship's subject was hobbies, and his thesis was that Englishmen, because they are the greatest hobbyists on earth, are able to go about the unpleasant business of making a living with a degree of good humor seldom displayed by people who concentrate exclusively on their vocations. Langner, who balances a penetrating and tenacious mind with an easy susceptibility to inspirational ideas, got a hammer lock on His Lordship's philosophy then and there, and in the fifty years since he has not relaxed his grip. He has lived his life according to a carefully arranged plan, taking care of his material needs by the conscientious practice of international patent law, a profession that he sometimes regards as less than enthralling, and nourishing his soul by feverishly making a hobby of the theatre, a field in which the financial rewards are, to say the least, uncertain.

Only once in Langner's life has he attempted to combine enjoyment and money-making into a single operation. That was at the age of thirteen, when, his father having died, he was living in London with his mother, who had remarried. She and her husband were far from well off, and it became necessary for young Langner to go to work. Acting on impulse, a thing he has seldom done since, he answered a help-

on the seat of his chair. Langner's mother took an apprehensive look at her tender boy being ogled by chorus girls, and then at the box, which was labelled "Dynamite," and ended that phase of his theatrical career forthwith. Unhappy and unconvinced, Langner listened to his mother argue that the theatre was a sleazy business for a young man of refinement to engage in, but when she pointed out that it was also a poor way to make a living, he grasped the point readily and went to work in a patent-law office. It was not until twelve years later, after he had been in this country for four years and was rapidly making a name for himself in the practice of international patent law, that he permitted himself to take up the theatre again. The delay was due not to a slackening of his affection for the stage—he was in his youth, as he is now, at fifty-nine, fiercely stage-struck—but to a codicil he had appended to Rosebery's thesis: You have to have money before you can afford to have fun.

By long adhering to his resolve to pursue two unrelated careers simultaneously and never letting one get mixed up with the other, Langner has managed to make quite a lot of money and have quite a lot of fun. In 1913, two years after he had arrived in New York as the eighteen-dollar-a-week representative of a London patent-law firm, he went into practice for himself. By 1920, when he was thirty and had become an American citizen, he was recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on international patent law and was making fifty thousand dollars a year. A chartered patent agent in England, and a lawyer in the layman's, if not the professional, sense of the word, Langner had not then, nor

PROFILES

BUSINESS AND SHOW BUSINESS-I

in a theatrical manager's office, and got the job. He found that he liked show business and had a highly enjoyable time of it until, a few months later, his mother paid a visit to the office. A musical comedy was being cast, and because the junior clerk was too short for the desk behind which he sat while intercepting job seekers, he had given himself stature by placing a prop box from an old farce

American bar examinations, inasmuch as his work does not require practice in court but only before the Patent Offices of the countries in which his firm represents clients. Today, the highly specialized partnership of Langner, Parry, Card & Langner (the second Langner is a brother) occupies an entire floor of a large office building on Forty-first Street at Lexington Avenue; it has offices in Washington and Chicago; it is associated with a London firm that looks out for its interests in England; and it has representatives in every country in the world except China and Saudi Arabia, neither of which has patent or trademark laws. It has close to two hundred employees, of a dozen nationalities—lawyers, technical experts, translators, secretaries, stenographers, clerks, and errand boys. Langner, Parry, Card & Langner's clients are usually not owners of patents but domestic patent attorneys representing owners. Among the patent owners whose foreign patent-and-trademark business is handled by the firm are the American Tobacco Company, Bethlehem Steel, General Foods, General Motors, International Business Machines, the Aluminum Company of America, Sperry Gyroscope, General Electric, Coca-Cola, and perhaps half of all American pharmaceutical and drug houses. Recently, Langner has been spending less and less time on patents, and he no longer takes as much money out of the partnership as he used to, but it still rewards him handsomely.

In 1915, Langner helped organize the Washington Square Players, the organization that evolved into the Theatre Guild. Both quantitatively and qualitatively, the Guild has done better than any other Broadway producer ever has. It is about to embark on its thirty-second season by presenting Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in S. N. Behrman's "I Know My Love," an adaptation of Marcel Achard's "Auprès de Ma Blonde," as its one-hundred-and-sixty-ninth New York production. "As You Like It," with Katharine Hepburn, will probably be No. 170, and there are two or three other likely projects in the immediate offing. Six productions that the Guild has been either wholly or partially responsible for have won Pulitzer Prizes, one has received the New York Drama Critics Circle Award, and forty-one have appeared in

Burns Mantle's "Best Plays" series. During the twenties, the Guild led the theatrical renaissance that was one of the more attractive features of that decade. It brought to this country such foreign plays as "John Ferguson," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Liliom," "R.U.R.," and "Goat Song;" it presented such American dramas as "The Adding Machine," "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Silver Cord," and "Porgy;" and it became the producer of the works of Eugene O'Neill and the American sponsor of George Bernard Shaw. After a prolonged bad spell during the thirties, it was reorganized, with Langner and Theresa Helburn, another of its early supporters, as co-directors, and by the early forties it had redeemed itself by getting the team of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II together with Agnes de Mille, a collaboration that resulted in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." Meanwhile, it kept its ties with the past by having a hand in producing O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh" and the Lunts in "O Mistress Mine." So profitable has the Guild become, in fact, that Langner has been able to forget about his corollary to the Rosebery doctrine. Thanks in large part to "Oklahoma!," which so far has returned to its backers some forty thousand dollars for every thousand they invested and is still going strong in London and on the road, and to "The Theatre Guild on the Air," a weekly radio show sponsored by United States Steel, Langner is reputed to be drawing a salary in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand dollars a year from the Guild, and to be receiving various other payments in connection with the organization which probably amount to at least that much more.

As Langner's remuneration from his hobby increased, so—during the war, at least—did his interest in working with inventions and patents. In 1940, he proposed the creation of a National Inventors Council, which was later set up as a branch of the Department of Commerce, to act as a clearing house for inventions relating to

warfare. Langner served throughout the war as the Council's secretary, for a dollar a year, and during that time more than two hundred thousand inventions were scrutinized for their military value. Among the more valuable inventions the Council turned up were a dry battery for use in tropical climates, a gyroscopic stabilizer for tank turrets, and a device that became known as the pancake mine detector. The Council is still in business, but since the war its activities have diminished, and this grieves Langner. He takes cheer, however, from the fact that in the Council's most bustling days he for once found himself in the position of enjoying his work with inventions and at the same time making money in the theatre.

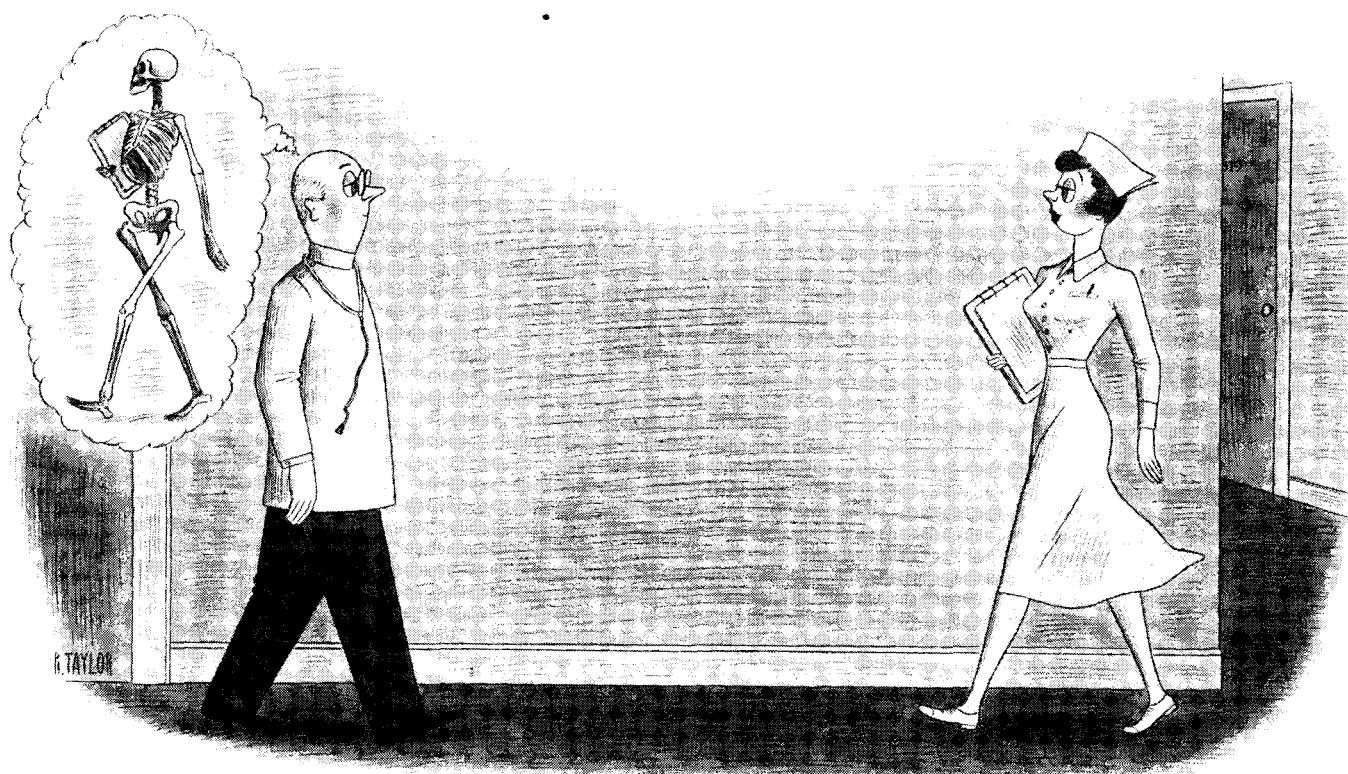
LANGNER's flesh successfully conceals his determined spirit. His face, an oval one, with dark eyes and an uncompromising mustache, is not unlike that of a benign Generalissimo Francisco Franco. His skin is dark and frequently glistens. His figure bulges in unexpected places. A long strand of gray hair, designed to mitigate a bald spot by traversing his head from ear to ear, often hangs down the back of his neck an inch or so below his coat collar. His clothes, while well tailored, are likely to be rumpled. When he succumbs to

a spasm of chain smoking, as he usually does while a play is in rehearsal, cigarette ashes cover his vest. His social manner is affable to the point of being apologetic. He not only looks spectacularly absent-minded, he is. "When I'm talking with Lawrence, I always get the feeling that he's listening to every word he says," an old friend of his remarked recently. Despite almost constant reminding and prodding by his wife, Armina Marshall, who is an associate director of the Guild, as well as by practically all the other members of its staff, Langner occasionally forgets the names of even his closest friends, and his unreliability when he is required to catch a train, keep an appointment, or deliver a message reaches heights that are credible only to those who have had long experience with it. He is probably the only man in New York who has ever walked out of "21" at two in the afternoon with his mind clear and a Homberg on sidewise. When, as sometimes happens, an explanation for his odd conduct is demanded, he shakes himself in a flustered fashion and gazes around vacantly for several seconds before he becomes sufficiently conscious of his surroundings to mutter that he must have been thinking of something else.

Perhaps it is Langner's absorption in something else at times when another man would be giving his full attention to ordering dinner, discussing the weather, or tying his shoelaces that has enabled him to carry out his formidable dual program of law and theatre without visible strain. He has spent most of his life thinking furiously, and by now his power of concentration is extraordinarily developed. The exasperation provoked among his associates by the aimless way in which he goes about his daily affairs is equalled by the awe they feel as they realize that he is juggling half a dozen major projects in his mind at once. In the course of a luncheon last summer, an acquaintance casually asked Langner what was on his mind at the moment. The question produced the following agenda:

1. Theatre Guild busi-





new Lynn Riggs play at Langner's Westport Country Playhouse, in Westport, Connecticut, with an eye to bringing the show to Broadway if it turned out well; (b) arranging to switch "The Theatre Guild on the Air" from the American Broadcasting Company to the National Broadcasting Company, a larger network; (c) finding a sponsor for a Guild television program; (d) considering the problems faced by a committee of Broadway producers, of which he is a member, in their attempts to reduce costs.

2. Langner, Parry, Card & Langner business: (a) debating which one of his subordinates would be best at persuading the British Patent Office that British trademark law permits registration of the word "Oomphies;" (b) pondering the feasibility of holding the next partners' meeting of the firm in Toronto, so that he could look in on the touring company of "Oklahoma!"

3. National Inventors Council business: (a) weighing a scheme of his for excavating vast caverns under every big city in the country, to solve the parking problem and provide shelter in atomic attacks; (b) expanding the work of the Council into the realm of psychological warfare and making it a center for disseminating such ideas as the one put forward and widely adopted just before the last Italian elections, when Italian-Americans were urged to write to their families in the old country advising them

4. General business: (a) getting some action on a proposal of his that funds be raised to beautify Jerusalem and to make the city a holy shrine for Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews, possibly under the protection of the United Nations.

5. Personal business: (a) working on his autobiography, which he hopes to have published soon; (b) dieting and doing daily setting-up exercises in an effort to reduce his weight ten pounds.

Checking on the results of this celebration a few weeks later, Langner's questioner discovered that the only point on which no progress had been made was the last one. A man who thrives on crises, Langner had been working hard at Westport and was ten pounds heavier.

LANGNER's association with gadgets and culture began when he was a small boy in Swansea, the industrial city in South Wales where he was born, on May 30, 1890. His father, Abraham Langner, had inherited a successful jewelry business from his father, a German-Jewish immigrant. Abraham Langner was a man of a restless turn of mind. He played the piano, the violin, and the flute; he owned Swansea's first snapshot camera, its first player piano, its first bicycle, and its first motorcar, and he had read every word of Sir John Lubbock's *Hundred Best Books*, a British counterpart of the *Harvard Classics*. Langner's mother, who

is now eighty-four and lives in Brighton, Sussex, is, through her mother, a member of a distinguished Spanish Jewish family, the de Solas, and, on her own hook, a devotee of the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. There were six Langner children—four boys and two girls—of whom Lawrence was the second, and by paternal command each studied a different musical instrument. Lawrence was allotted the cello. The father was a severe critic, and once, when the violin-playing of one of the children fell below his standard, he seized the fiddle, dashed it to the floor, and trampled on it. Langner vividly remembers his own feelings at the time. "I wished to God he'd done it to the cello," he says.

In 1900, Langner's father died, at the age of thirty-seven. He had always been presumed to be well off, but it developed that his financial affairs were in bad shape. His possessions were sold at auction, and brought little. His widow, leaving her children in the care of relatives, went to London, where the possibilities of earning a living were greater, and there she later remarried. Lawrence was a moody, spindle-legged child, and his relationships with his contemporaries were not made any more pleasant by the facts that he was Jewish and that he was more interested in reading than in games. He took to stuffing his socks with paper to lead the more pugnacious youths of Swansea to believe that he had a powerful physique, but no one was deceived. About a year after



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the elder Langner died, Lawrence heard one of his teachers make a derogatory remark about him. Lawrence retorted, and was rewarded with a caning that laid him up for several days. A civic scandal resulted, and had the double effect of ending canings in the Swansea schools and of revealing the boy's forlorn plight to his mother. She had him join her in London and presently entered him in a boarding school in Margate, where he became the school's librarian and editor of its magazine. He also had his first brush with the theatre there, playing the part of the heroine in a school play. As the curtain rose, it revealed Langner, solo, dressed as a girl, who thereupon burst into a song, the lyrics of which began:

I wish I were a bird
With wings attached to me;
A dove would be preferred,
Then, love, I'd fly to thee!

The response of the audience, consisting of both parents and pupils, was so unnerving that Langner has been leery of acting ever since.

After leaving the Margate school and serving his brief clerkship in the theatrical manager's office, Langner was taken in hand by a friend of the family, Wallace Cranston Fairweather, a Scotsman and partner in the London firm of Cruikshank & Fairweather, chartered patent agents. He put the boy to work in his office at ten shillings a week copying, addressing, and mailing letters, and filing documents at the British Patent Office. Langner stayed with Fairweather for three years, picking up a knowledge of shorthand and a Scottish accent, neither of which he has retained, and a basic understanding of patent law, which he has retained extremely well. When he was seventeen, he transferred to a job, at a pound a week, in the foreign section of the large London patent-law firm of Haseltine Lake & Co. There he spent six years, which he has come to regard as among the crucial ones of his life. His desk was in a big, noisy office, and he believes that from those surroundings he acquired the ability to concentrate in the midst of confusion. It was also at Haseltine Lake that he met John Parry and William Card, fellow-employees in the foreign section, who later became his partners.

A considerable part of Langner's work at Haseltine Lake had to do with American inventions on which British patents were being sought. It was his job to describe the inventions in terms acceptable to the British Patent Office, which requires specifications quite dif-

ferent from those required by the United States Patent Office. During the time he spent in the London offices of Cruikshank & Fairweather and Haseltine Lake, Langner met a number of distinguished American inventors, including Simon Lake, who passed through on his way to Russia to try to interest the Czar in the submarine he had invented, and King C. Gillette, a Bostonian, who wanted to patent a safety razor.



It looked to Langner as if the United States was the world center of inventing and the best place for a man specializing in patent law to be. The catch was that he lacked professional standing.

Parry, who also thought highly of a future in the United States, was in a similar situation. The two young men decided to study for the examination given by the British Chartered Institute of Patent Agents, a harrowing ordeal, to which would-be patent agents must submit; it calls for a thorough knowledge not only of British patent law but of manufacturing processes and technological theory. They studied nights for three years, and then, in 1910, took the examination. Both passed, after six full days of describing, among many other things, the construction and operation of shoemaking machinery and a plant for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Langner's marks were the highest given for that year's examination, and on the strength of this record Haseltine Lake a few months later sent him to its New York office as a technical assistant, at eighteen dollars a week.

In New York, where he arrived early in 1911, Langner lived first in a boarding house on West Seventy-sixth Street, then moved into a two-dollar-a-week hall bedroom in a railroad apartment at Ninety-second Street and Amsterdam Avenue. He didn't care for life uptown, however, and soon began spending most of his evenings in Greenwich Village. A year or so after his arrival here, one of his younger brothers, Herbert, came over, and the two rented an apartment above a Chinese laundry on Charles Street. Lawrence Langner, as it turned out, was in the right place at the right time for the pursuit of his hobby, and soon he was associating with a group of Villagers that included Floyd Dell, Albert Boni, and Ida Rauh, an association that ultimately led to the organization of the Washington Square Players as an experimental theatrical company.

BEFORE Langner had been in this country very long he succeeded in bringing in a good deal of new business

for Haseltine Lake, including United States Steel's foreign-patent involvements. In 1912, by which time he had worked his way up to twenty-three dollars a week, Langner suddenly became the central figure in one of the unlikely minor episodes of American industrial history. Out in Dayton, Ohio, Charles F. Kettering, after making a reputation for himself as an inventor for the National Cash Register Company, had invented an electric self-starter for automobiles and had organized the Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, commonly known as Delco, to exploit it. Kettering hoped to market his self-starter abroad and wanted foreign-patent protection. He asked National Cash Register's patent lawyer, John Hayward, a young member of the New York firm of Kerr, Page, Cooper & Hayward, to suggest someone to take care of the matter. The lawyer got in touch with Langner, spoke with him briefly, and took him out to Dayton. Thus it came about that a twenty-two-year-old, twenty-three-dollar-a-week Englishman, wearing spats and a bowler and carrying a cane, walked into an office in Dayton, Ohio, and walked out a few hours later under contract to spend six months abroad at two hundred dollars a week, all expenses paid, selling starters and arranging European patents for Delco, with the additional proviso that upon his return he would work one week each month for his client, for a monthly retainer of three hundred dollars. Langner today calls Hayward—a wispy old gentleman now, who is active in the Oxford Group and is a legal representative of International Business Machines—"my ideal." The Delco connection was not the only one that Hayward helped Langner make. Hayward's roommate at the time was the sales manager of National Cash Register, Thomas J. Watson, who has since become I.B.M.'s thoughtful president and a Langner client.

Upon returning from Dayton, Langner resigned from Haseltine Lake and then went abroad with a Delco engineer named John Hunt. They found Europe stirred by the death of Isadora Duncan's children and their governess, who had been drowned in the Seine when the chauffeur of their car stalled it on a bridge and neglected to take it out of gear before cranking the engine. The tragedy, naturally, helped Langner and Hunt interest European manufacturers in the self-starter, and they did well. Their only discouraging experience was an interview they had with a



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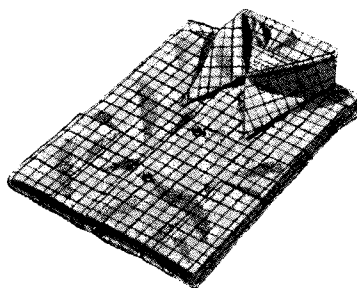
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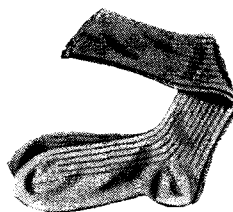
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titled automobile manufacturer in England. Hunt pointed out that if the manufacturer installed self-starters in his cars, his customers wouldn't have to crank them any more.

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"But suppose the crank should backfire," said Hunt, "and break the chauffeur's arm?"

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BACK from Europe in the summer of 1913, Langner, with his brother, rented an office on the twelfth floor of the Singer Building, hired a secretary, and set up an international-patent-law firm under the name of Lawrence Langner. A year or so later, Card was induced to come over and open a branch office in Chicago. In 1915, Parry also was signed on and moved to this country. Six years later, the Langner, Parry, Card & Langner partnership was formed. Limiting its activities to handling American patents and trademarks abroad, it had an immediate success, an important element in which was the tieup with Kettering, one that has never been broken. Kettering, who recently retired from his position as vice-president in charge of research of General Motors, is another of Langner's ideals. In addition to possessing the not conspicuously practical talent of being able to write one thing with his right hand while writing another with his left, he is probably America's most versatile living inventor. Langner's firm has handled the foreign patents on almost everything Kettering has invented—Delco automobile-ignition and -lighting devices, Delco farm-lighting equipment, Duco enamel, the Diesel locomotive, and, with the late Thomas Midgley, Jr., Ethyl gasoline and Freon, the refrigerant gas used in practically all electric refrigerators and air-conditioners.

A big factor in the rise of Langner, Parry, Card & Langner has been its founder's gift of showmanship. Langner has always felt that the way to get business is to go after it. This has required some ingenuity, since advertising in the newspapers or hiring a man on stilts to carry a placard are practices frowned upon by the New York Patent Law Association. For many years, Langner's approach to the problem was the writing in profusion of pamphlets

fication in Europe" (1913), "International Trademarks, the Present and the Future" (1918), and "Foreign Patents for American Inventions, a Revaluation" (1927). These pamphlets, issued by impartial organizations like the Foreign Trade Council, whose motto is "To Foster Foreign Trade," contain alarming accounts of how American inventions and trademarks have been pirated abroad because they were unprotected, or improperly protected, along with handy charts showing the main differences in the patent laws of various countries. Of the many Langner has written, one called "An Outline of Foreign Trademark Practice" is the flossiest. Among its contents is a chart diagramming kinks in the patent laws in countries ranging from Argentina to Zanzibar and including Barbados, Ceylon, Dutch Guiana, Estonia, the Fiji Islands, Greece, India, Japan, Kenya Colony, Luxembourg, Nyasaland, Palestine, Rhodesia, Siam, Tanganyika, Uruguay, and the Virgin Islands, as well as the crown colony of Hong Kong. The illustrations in the booklet disclose that Colgate's White Clematis Toilet Soap trademark was once pirated in Venezuela, that a Chinese brought out a playing card called Tricycle with a spade-shaped design like the one used by the United States Playing Card Company on its Bicycle card, and that the trademarks of White-Maple toothpicks, Adams Chiclets, Lucky, Strike cigarettes, Hecker's Flour, Two in One Shoe Polish, Domino sugar, and dozens of other products have also been misused abroad while their American owners weren't looking. "If this country is to hold its place in the export field," Langner wrote, "it must be by understanding the conditions as they are found abroad, and succeeding in spite of them. The exporter who, knowing of the conditions as to trademarks abroad, decides to ignore them is building his foreign business and good will upon a foundation of quicksand." Information and advice of this nature have proved extremely valuable to many American manufacturers, and have never hurt Langner, Parry, Card & Langner's business at all.

Langner has supplemented his literary work with much heavy-duty cross-country proselytizing. In the early days of Langner, Parry, Card & Langner, he hustled continually about the United States, calling on patent attorneys and pointing out to them the value of protection abroad, and making it clear that Langner, Parry, Card & Langner could assure them of that pro-

tection as easily as a Siamese, Tanganyikan, or Uruguayan law firm, and, moreover, had the advantage of not being situated in Siam, Tanganyika, or Uruguay. The prudent attorneys at law Langner met in this fashion were usually unaware that in his free time he was consorting in Greenwich Village with people like Max Eastman, Sinclair Lewis, Emma Goldman, John Reed, and Upton Sinclair, and many of them found his arguments persuasive. Nowadays Langner's eccentric preoccupation with the arts is well known in the patent world, but it does not disturb his partners because, as Parry put it recently, "it is pretty hard for our clients to shy away from Lawrence when just about every one of them, it seems, has a daughter who wants to go on the stage."

DURING the First World War, Langner was a consultant to the Army Ordnance Department on munitions patents, a job that gave him some background for the one he held during the Second, and after the armistice he was an adviser on patent-and-trademark agreements at the drafting of the Treaty of Versailles. Meanwhile, the combination of Langner's salesmanship and the sound day-to-day work of the stay-at-homes in the firm had made further broad-scale searching for new clients unnecessary. Langner had no taste for office routine, his bank balance was highly favorable, and he had become thoroughly wrapped up in the Theatre Guild. In 1920, therefore, he made an arrangement with his partners whereby he would devote only six months a year to the firm, so that he could devote the rest of the year to the theatre. As time passed, he cut down still more on his patent work, but he has always kept his franchise in Langner, Parry, Card & Langner by acting as a walking delegate for the firm, and over the past thirty years he has been otherwise concerned with patent matters. He has served on the Board of Governors of the New York Patent Law Association; for six years he was the executive secretary of the National Advisory Council to the Committee on Patents of the House of Representatives; and he has testified at Congressional hearings on the patent system in this country. Langner's experience with the House Committee on Patents was a particularly happy one, because the chairman at the time was the late Representative William I. Sirovich, a Manhattan physician and frustrated playwright who frequently rose in the House

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to denounce New York drama critics. In addition to practicing medicine, Sirovich lived in constant hope that the Guild would produce one of his plays. Langner is also a frustrated playwright, having written something like twenty full-length plays with only scant success, and although the Guild never showed any more intention than anyone else of producing a Sirovich drama, the relations between the two men were always cordial and sympathetic.

Of all Langner's public-spirited undertakings, perhaps none has been more engrossing to him, or more useful to everyone concerned, than his work with the National Inventors Council. In May, 1940, when the static war in Europe was proving to be not so static, Langner became convinced that the United States couldn't keep out of it. A number of other citizens had arrived at that conclusion before he did, but it is unlikely that any acted more vigorously than Langner did once he had made up his mind. On May 13, 1940, he wrote an urgent letter to his firm's Washington office asking that full details on the government's handling of civilian military inventions during the First World War be rushed to him. On May 14th, he received the information. That same day, he sent letters to President Roosevelt, the President's personal secretary, and Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, suggesting the formation of the Council. (To Mr. Morgenthau, with whom he was acquainted, he also sent a telegram, calling attention to the fact that he had written him a letter.) On May 15th, he wrote to the Commissioner of Patents, Conway P. Coe, making the same proposal. On May 16th, the Treasury Department wrote Langner that his "splendid" suggestion was being considered, and Coe wrote him that his "interest [had] been deeply stirred by the importance of the suggestion." From then on, the creation of the Council was inevitable, and it proceeded at a rate almost unheard of in government circles, possibly because Harry Hopkins, who as Secretary of Commerce was Coe's superior, took a personal interest in the matter. Langner and Dr. Midgley, the Ethyl and Freon man, spent a good deal of time in Washington during May and June conferring with Coe and Dr. Vannevar Bush, who was about to resign from his post as president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington to become head of the National Defense Research Council and who was delighted that someone had volunteered to get in-

him in peace to tackle research—on atomic fission, among other matters. Early in July, Hopkins established the Council, naming Kettering its chairman and Langner its secretary. On August 6th, the first meeting of the Council was held, and was attended by more than a dozen distinguished inventors and engineers. On November 1st, Langner was sworn in as a public servant.

The work of the Council involved examining all potentially useful military inventions submitted by the public and either rejecting them or passing them along to the proper Army or Navy bureaus, as well as scouting about for inventions or adapting those already on file to solve new technical problems being encountered by the armed forces. Of the two hundred thousand inventions the Council had scrutinized by the time the war ended, six thousand had been passed along and of these a hundred and fifty had been accepted and nearly a thousand others were being tested. Because the manner in which the Council handled inventions was both courteous and—Langner saw to this himself—legally airtight, not one inventor has sued the government since V-J Day, which is one respect in which the aftermath of the Second World War has differed from the aftermath of the other wars in which this country has fought.

The most famous invention the government acquired through the Council was the pancake, the magnetic mine detector that contributed so heavily to the rout of Rommel in North Africa. This detector had been invented before Pearl Harbor, by Wade Stiles, a fellow who was engaged in searching for sunken treasure down around the Florida Keys. It was his hope that the gadget, fastened to the back of his boat, would indicate, by means of an electronic sound device, when there was gold in the sea below him. He drew up plans for the pancake, and a Miami radio mechanic named Hedden made one. Stiles discovered no gold with his contraption, but it helped him salvage a brass cannon and some other more or less valuable metal objects. Stiles thought that his invention might be useful in locating submarines, and he took it to the Council. The examiners told him that the Navy had much better detecting devices but the Army didn't have anything that could locate land mines. "What're land mines?" asked Stiles. The invention was submitted to the Army, which enthusiastically accepted it. A contract was signed with Stiles and Hedden, by the terms of which the government agreed to pay them a royalty for each detector pro-

duced, with the stipulation that the total sum would not exceed fifty thousand dollars. This was before anyone appreciated what a problem land mines would become, and fifty thousand dollars seemed like a lot of money, especially when it was supposed that it would be paid out over a period of years and the income taxes on it would be low. Not long after the deal was made, the Army realized that Rommel's men were burying a great many mines and that it would take a great many pancakes to locate them. Half a dozen manufacturers were given contracts to produce the detectors, and at the end of a year the Army, still frenziedly ordering pancakes, presented Stiles and Hedden with their fifty thousand dollars and told them to stop by again if they had any more ideas. The two men paid nearly twenty thousand dollars of the money back to the government in income taxes and spent the rest on research, presumably in the hope of stopping by again with a new idea—and making a better deal. In a short time, they had lost the whole stake. When last heard from, Hedden was back repairing radios and Stiles was out in his boat listening for gold along the Florida Keys.

LANGNER has a remarkable talent for dovetailing his theatre hobby with patent business, especially when he is travelling. At least once a year, he thinks up a good reason to take a long trip. Twenty-six outlying cities subscribe to Theatre Guild shows, and there has also been, through the years, considerable Guild business to transact in Hollywood, Budapest, London, and Berlin. Langner, Parry, Card & Langner have clients in just about every industrial town in the United States and representatives in every major city in Europe, and it is considered advisable to look in upon these from time to time. On Langner's first trip to Europe for Delco, in 1913, he managed to take in several Max Reinhardt productions, expose himself to the Expressionist drama, see Alexander Moissi in "Hamlet," meet the German director-and-actor Emanuel Reicher, make a study of the theatre in Vienna and Budapest, and spend a bucolic vacation in the Bavarian mountains. Ever since then, he has shown himself adept at working out European itineraries that combine, say, a scenic trip down the Danube with a survey of Delco's Czechoslovakian interests and a professional chat with a covey of Hungarian playwrights.

Those who know Langner best are amazed that in the course of his journeys

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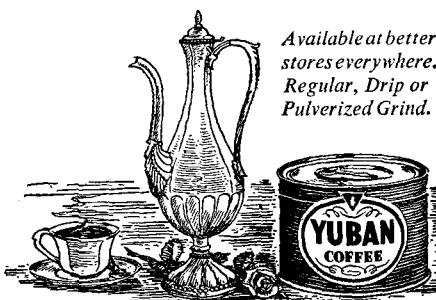
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he ever arrives anywhere. Their amazement is based on daily observation of his conduct. Not long ago, he was sitting in his office at the Guild outlining to a visitor his scheme for the urban caverns. It was shortly before Langner was to catch a train to Boston. At five-minute intervals, starting twenty minutes before he was to leave, his secretary, Miss Hubbell, entered the office and announced the time. The flow of Langner's conversation was unchecked by these interruptions. Ten minutes before the deadline, Miss Helburn telephoned a reminder, as did Miss Marshall five minutes later. Langner responded to these warnings in a tone of hearty assurance; he knew, he knew. He went on talking. With three minutes to go, Miss Hubbell made an ostentatious appearance in the doorway, holding his briefcase. He didn't notice her. With two minutes to go, she walked to his side and plucked at his sleeve. "Right away, right away," Langner said. With one minute to go, Miss Hubbell handed him the briefcase. Langner set it down on the floor and went on talking. Miss Hubbell beckoned through the doorway, and a husky male member of the Guild staff came in, handed Langner his hat and coat, grasped him by the arm, and, with the help of the visitor, led him, still talking, down the stairs. In the lower hallway, Miss Hubbell, panting, caught up with him and once again handed him his briefcase. Still under escort, and still talking, he got to the sidewalk, where Miss Marshall and Miss Helburn were waiting to say goodbye, and another member of the Guild entourage was holding a taxi door open for him. He pecked Miss Marshall on the cheek, shook Miss Helburn's hand, and, still talking, started for the cab. "It must be nice to be taken care of so well," the visitor said, just before slamming the door. "It would be much nicer," Langner replied huffily, "to be treated like a person who is capable of getting to a train all by himself."

—ROBERT RICE

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Langner.)

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OF ALL THINGS

THE news that the U.S.S.R. is getting along well with its atomic-energy program has caused uneasiness throughout the world. It seems there's nothing we can do about the matter except feel flattered by the imitation.

There is no doubt that the devaluation of the pound sterling, unavoidable though it may have been, is far from popular in England. The gleeful Tories think that it will lead to the devaluation of the Labour Party.

In New York City, the Fusion movement is putting its best foot forward in the person of Newbold Morris, an expert on the city's government. However, he is handicapped in his race for Mayor by a scarcity of Republican voters and of O'Dwyer scandals.

Mr. Dulles's chances of defeating Mr. Lehman for the Senate depend upon his ability to bring a whopping Republican majority down to the boundary of the Bronx on Election Night. Under the circumstances, he is a strong believer in upstatism.

Labor's demands this season emphasize pensions rather than raises. Our workmen are thinking more about where they will be at sixty-five than where they will be on Saturday night.

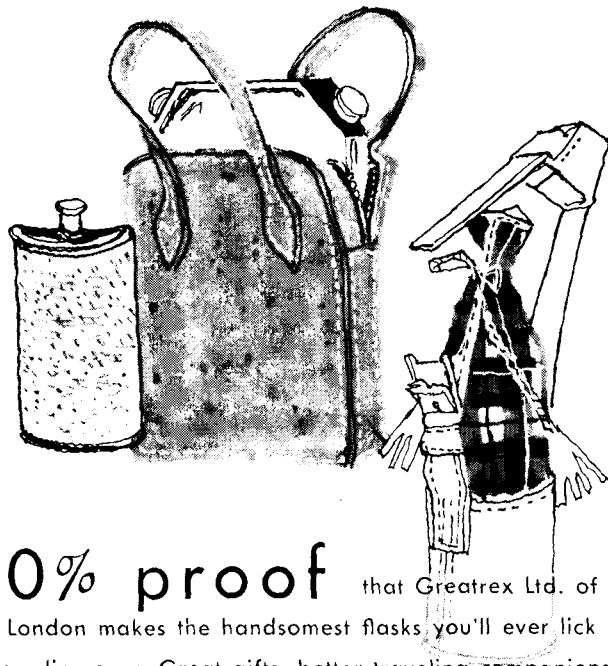
The old Communist melodrama now playing the Hungarian circuit has undergone an interesting change. Tito has replaced Trotsky as the villain of the piece.

The Honorable Pat McCarran, who does not believe in D.P.s in any form, is at present gallivanting in foreign parts. Everybody hopes that the Nevada Senator will return to his duties refreshed in body and broadened in mind.

During the debate on the Reciprocal Trade Agreements bill, Republican senators made many speeches in praise of high tariffs. They took us down memory lane to the old McKinley days, when our hearts were young and gay.

If a coal strike is going on at this time, nobody has bothered to tell John L. Lewis. As far as he knows, the miners are merely obeying simultaneous impulses to bask in the sunshine

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Darryl in the Dear Old Southland



THE movie called "Pinky" is another attempt on the part of Hollywood to deal with the problem of interracial conflicts. It deserves a B for effort. The heroine is a young lady whose life is endlessly confused by the circumstance that although she is almost as fair as Snow White, she is, nevertheless, a Negro. The Mendelian intricacies of this young lady's background are not explored in the film, and only a blurred explanation is given to account for her return to her Southern birthplace, where we first meet her, after she has spent years as a trained nurse up North in Boston, passing as a white girl as untroubled about her background as any of the Lowells. Thanks to Darryl Zanuck, who produced it, and Elia Kazan, who directed it, "Pinky" makes a brave show of laying on the line some cold facts about the relationship between whites and blacks in the South, but the picture is so chary of hurting anybody's feelings that, with the persistence of a Pangloss, it never fails to discover a brighter side to its most terrifying situations. We have mobs that mutter but do not molest, drunks who plot rape and then permit their quarry to escape, Negroes who know that, deep down under, most white folks are pretty fine people. All this tends to take the edge off a good many melodramatic scenes, but the episodes do hold your interest up to the point of their irresolute conclusions. The indignities our heroine suffers in the South are numerous, but at the climax of the film she inherits the estate of a dowager she has comforted through her last illness and happily proceeds to convert the place into a nursing home for Negroes.

There is a slick competence about much of the script, which was written by Philip Dunne and Dudley Nichols, and the acting is excellent. Jeanne Crain is quite persuasive as the heroine, and Ethel Barrymore and Ethel Waters lend their usual authority to the respective roles of a gruff but kindly Southern aristocrat (the dowager) and an understanding and incredibly patient old washerwoman, who is the heroine's grandmother. The message of "Pinky" seems to be that colored girls, however

themselves as Negroes in the warm-hearted South than they could ever find passing as whites up in Boston. I'm not so sure I'm willing to take Mr. Zanuck's word for that.

ETHEL BARRYMORE also appears this week in a torpid musical affair called "That Midnight Kiss." In this film, she sponsors an opera company in Philadelphia just for the sake of getting her granddaughter some people to carol with. The granddaughter then falls in love with a singing laborer, and after that things move along as fast as, but no faster than, a tumbrel. Caught up in the business, along with Miss Barrymore, are José Iturbi, Kathryn Grayson, and Mario Lanza.

"THE PEDDLER AND THE LADY" is an aged Italian film about a fishmonger who tries to move from his aromatic circle into the haunts of some wealthy crooks and winds up back where he came from. I presume that the reason this item was imported was to capitalize on the presence in it of Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi. Even with such actors on hand, the picture, which was made in 1942, is a trifling one, and the distributors, I'm afraid, aren't going to please the followers of foreign films very much by issuing it as if it were fresh from the can.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

PAGEANT No. 2 "TRANSPORTATION"

The band forms a *bicycle* upon reaching the forty yard line; plays *Bicycle Built for Two* (Daisy Bell) and the players may waltz, thus moving the formation to the fifty. On the cease play the band goes back to marching line-up, increases the intervals, forms the *steam engine* and plays *Shuffle Off to Buffalo*. The engine is made more interesting if dressed up. For example, a section of smoke pipe containing concentrated Hydrochloric acid in one bottle and concentrated Ammonium Hydroxide in the other, may possibly be carried by a player in the stack.—*From a football-band manual.*

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THE EGG FAMILY

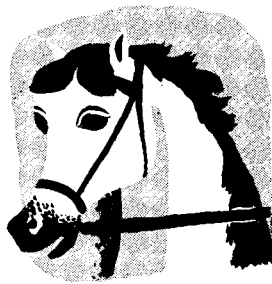
WHEN the Chinese Communists take over a city, as they are now about to take over Canton, the results of their intrusion—public confessions, speeches, marchings, outpourings of doctrine—are completely predictable. They are predictable in most Chinese cities, that is. In Canton, however, a large section of the city will certainly be puzzling to the Communists, ordinarily so self-assured in their procedures. This is the quarter occupied by the so-called Tan Ka, or Egg Family, the huge colony of Cantonese citizens who live on boats on the Pearl River, which is half a mile wide at Canton. The Egg Family lives only a few yards from the city's streets in actuality but worlds away from them in spirit. It is so aloof from Canton's dry-land inhabitants that many of its members have not even heard of the Communists yet, though the Communists have undoubtedly heard of the Egg Family. It is so withdrawn from life on shore that Cantonese land dwellers think of it as foreign and tell all kinds of strange stories to account for its existence. The Family is descended, one hears, from Mongol princes who once ruled China and were overthrown and driven into waterborne hiding six centuries ago, or from the aborigines of the Canton area, who were squeezed off the land when the Chinese came, or from criminals and outlaws of some very early period. It's impossible to be sure of anything about the origin of the Egg Family, but it just may be that it is descended from ordinary land people who moved onto the water because rents and taxes were, as they still are, lower there.

Whatever its antecedents, the Egg Family has been on the river for generations, and in that time has developed its own watery perspective on everything, though it has never developed any written history. Why is it called the Egg Family, for one thing? I asked several Cantonese this without getting even a pretense of a sensible answer. Finally, one friend remarked that the sampans are shaped something like eggs, and that when they rock, the resemblance is increased. This is a plausible explanation, but who can say whether it's true? Perhaps nobody. Again, there is the matter of the double, or split, little toe.

It is widely thought that many of the sampan residents have cleft little toes. I have spent a lot of time among these people, who nearly always go barefoot, and have never seen even one cleft toe, but friends of mine claim they have, or know someone who has. What should one believe in this case? Recently, I asked an American anthropologist about it. He just looked at me knowingly and said, "Webfoot myth." He was not much help.

LUCKILY, there are one or two statistics about the sampan colony, as well as many facts that are plain to the eye. The main fact is inescapable: the Egg Family is enormous. Officially, there are thirty-five thousand people living on the Pearl River at Canton, and many thousands more live in colonies on the river's tributaries upstream. (Census figures in China are hardly ever straight, however; they are always adjusted by the authorities, who make allowances for the purpose of the census, or for what the people may think the purpose is. If the census is a prelude to a conscription drive, for instance, and everyone knows it, it is assumed that most able-bodied men are in hiding, and the figures are expanded proportionately. But this census of the Egg Family was taken as part of a well-publicized rationing scheme last year, and it is considered unusually accurate.) Some of the thirty-five thousand live on junks or other large craft, but the majority spend their lives on sampans, the

small boats, about twenty feet long, that are found in endless numbers on all Oriental waterways. A lot of the Pearl River sampans are stationary, arranged in orderly rows with open channels of water, or streets, between them. A few of these streets even have



names, such as First, Second, and Third Ma Lo, or Horse Road, which is the Chinese term for "thoroughfare." The traffic on them is often heavy. Many of the non-stationary sampans are in the taxi business and ply between the anchored boats and to and from shore. Floating shops and other service boats also come and go—vegetable and firewood boats in the morning, kitchen and refreshment boats later in the day—bringing the necessities and luxuries of life to the housewife's front door, or

bow. Once I even saw a library paddling down the river, renting out picture books of old and new Chinese romances, the local equivalent of comic books.

There is a good deal of night life in the colony, which means a good deal of taxi riding. A passenger often must finish his trip by walking over the bows or sterns of intervening sampans to reach his destination. The people who row or pole the taxi sampans (usually women) exchange gossip when they meet on the liquid streets—news of where they are going, what fare they are charging, and so forth. They rarely fail to make some sort of contact as they pass—"just like ants," as a land-dwelling Cantonese once remarked to me. Moored on the outskirts of the community are restaurant boats, floating primary schools, and hotels—enterprises that are too big to fit into sampans. Members of the Egg Family are born and live and die, literally, on the water, and some of them, particularly the women, hardly ever leave it, even for a day. At one time or another, most of the sampan men go ashore to get cash jobs as coolies, generally as stevedores. The women are the true residential class. They are to be seen in their boats all day long, cooking, laundering, tending small children, and doing the other household chores that women do everywhere.

Sampans have been used in the Orient for uncounted centuries and in that time have evolved into marvels of compactness. (A good new one costs about two hundred and fifty American dollars, without trimmings, and may last fifteen years.) At a sampan's bow and stern are small, raised open decks, just big enough for a child to play on, or for an old woman to squat on, or for a few chickens to be raised on. In between, in the waist of the boat, are the living quarters. This space may be fifteen feet long and perhaps five feet wide amidships. It is covered by a roof of some light, stiff material, supported by spindly wooden uprights. Thus the whole residence is open to every breeze—a wise arrangement on the Pearl River, where the weather is blightingly hot six months of the year. But there are curtains under the eaves that can be rolled down for privacy, or for shelter during rain or cold weather. A sampan is really a sort of Chinese puzzle that can be taken apart and put together in different ways. At night, a mat is laid on the flat expanse of the waist deck, and the family sleeps on it, but every single plank of the



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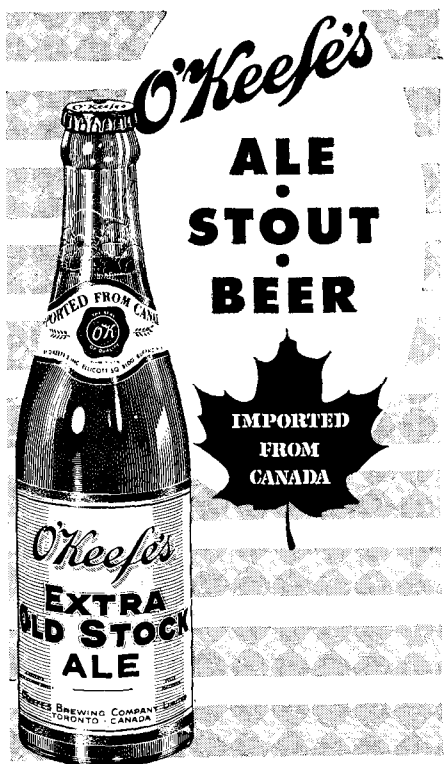
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deck is movable, and by day the planking is rearranged to form two decks—a small one in the rear, surrounding a shallow well, where cooking can be done or a woman can stand up to row, and a larger one forward, also around a well, where the family or passengers can sit. This is the basic scheme, though there are special variations for boats like the floating markets. Because everything a family owns must be kept aboard, personal possessions are stowed under every inch of deck, and every plank is a trapdoor. The only immovable fitting of a sampan is the roof; if you look upward when riding in a taxi sampan, you will nearly always see photographs of boats and family groups and other such lures and penates stuck behind the bamboo strips that serve as rafters. Simplicity and plainness of surface are also important in a sampan. The weather in Canton is so often hot, and the boats are so crowded, that the need to have them shipshape is urgent. The decks are sometimes in a natural finish and sometimes painted, and on all boats except those of the very poor and demoralized they are kept immaculate. Bedding in summertime consists solely of a paper-thin grass or split-bamboo mat and a hard, brick-shaped pillow, often made of blue-and-white porcelain. Southern Chinese are used to sleeping like this, and whatever they lose in comfort they make up in coolness and lack of clutter. If it rains, there is nothing to get wet that won't dry out again immediately. It is a satisfying example of man in harmony with his environment. Even the colors bear out this harmonious counterpoint. The dominant tones of the colony are pale blues and greens, with the hotter reds and yellows being used only for small decorations, chiefly in the interior. A row of sampans on the Pearl is a refreshing sight on a summer afternoon. The river is a muddy yellow, and the sun hammers on it with a blinding glare, yet in the cool-colored, smooth-finished boats the residents sit at their ease—perhaps an old woman sewing in the stern well, a girl dozing up forward. A breeze comes by, stirring the laundry hanging along the side of each craft. From time to time, a wave sweeps through the colony—the wash from a big steamboat out in the channel—and the whole row bobs and rocks gently and peacefully.

THE river is involved in nearly everything the Egg Family does. It is the entire plumbing system, naturally, and it supplies water for cooking,

drinking, the brushing of teeth, and laundering. Most boat people are, by Oriental standards, cleanly, and they are constantly scrubbing their clothes in the river water. They hang them up to dry, in the Chinese fashion, on a bamboo pole. The pole is threaded through both arms of the shirts, which then hang like "T"s, or through one leg of the trousers, which hang like broken "V"s. After that, the wash is racked up on the sampan's roof supports, together with whatever pushing poles, oars, and paddles are not in use.

The Egg Family's clothing, like its boats, is, of course, adapted to its peculiar life. The basic outfit for men, women, and children is a snugly tailored pajama suit of light cotton cloth. It is perfect for its purpose. It is cool, and so soft that rumpling doesn't affect it—an advantage in cramped quarters. The sampan people are great squatters; they squat for hours, which would make any stiff material look terrible. The cotton is easily washed, and if it gets wet by mistake, no harm is done. Children old enough to walk but not old enough to have much sense wear buoys of light, brightly painted wood, attached to shoulder harnesses, over their pajama suits. The idea is not only to keep the child from sinking if he falls overboard but to catch the eye of his mother or a neighbor when he goes, so that he may be spotted at once and hauled out. Children at the crawling age are put in harnesses and made fast to a cleat inside the sampan. They often share the cleat with a line supporting an open-weave basket of ducks or chickens, which is allowed to dangle over the side, a few inches above the surface of the water. Many sampan families raise poultry in this way, bringing the birds up from chicks, feeding them on table scraps, and killing them when full-grown. (Apparently it is uneconomical to keep mature birds for laying.) I once saw a duck in a basket that was attached to a pulley, so it could be lowered into the water to give the bird the illusion of swimming, but ordinarily the ducks get no such treats; they spend their lives looking through the holes in their baskets at the river flowing tantalizingly just below their feet. Indeed, in South China the phrase "sampan chicken" is used to describe individuals, such as bank tellers and cooks in fancy restaurants, who are surrounded by the world's goods in great quantities but can't touch a thing as their own.

Sampan people almost always go barefoot—a good idea, as anyone ac-



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customed to small boats can attest. A barefoot man not only is comfortable, he knows what he is stepping on and how firm the footing is without having to look down, and he can use his feet as secondary hands. The members of the Egg Family use them to fend off other boats, to aim the push pole when sticking it into the mud for mooring, and so on. Bare feet are so characteristic of the Egg Family that they have become a social mark, and even a stigma, in the eyes of hard-pavement folk. Dry-land Cantonese scornfully say, for instance, that if you catch a sampan man stealing, there is no need to jail him; just put shoes on him and he will be immobilized and helpless.

The sampan uniform is completed by a big, cone-shaped straw hat, much like the ones that coolies in American comic strips wear. It is stashed away somewhere handy on the boat, so that it can be got out easily in case of rain or when the sun is particularly ferocious. The hair styles of the women, incidentally, are of some interest. The married women wear their hair up, in elaborate, shiny coils fixed in place with bright pins, frequently of silver. The unmarried ones, or those who want to seem unmarried (I am told there is some faking on this point because the social attraction of unmarried women, or virgins, is higher), wear it in a single braided pigtail, thick at the base and often long enough to sit on. I don't suppose there is any rational connection between these pigtails and other aspects of sampan life, but there is an aesthetic one. The pigtails emphasize the straightness and spring of the sampan women's backs, which have been handsomely developed by rowing and poling the boats. The cut of the pajama jackets, which flare and duck-tail smartly at the hips, contributes to this effect, too, and a girl seen in profile squatting on a sampan's bow, wearing newly laundered pajamas, her shoulders straight, her back slightly arched and its line accentuated by a thick, glinting blue-black pigtail, is a beautiful sight and completely typical of the Egg Family.

The boat people have, of course, their own water-born thoughts and beliefs, mysterious to land people. It is customary for a visitor to take his shoes off on entering the roofed-over waist of a sampan, because the deck is clean, and people sit or lie on it. But if the visitor should carelessly leave one of his shoes upside down, he will distress

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lovely
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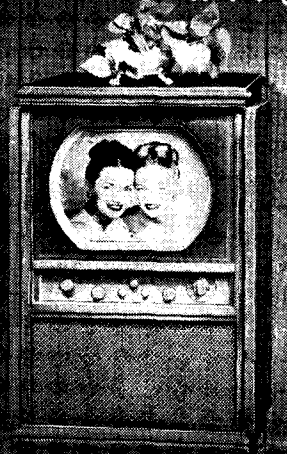


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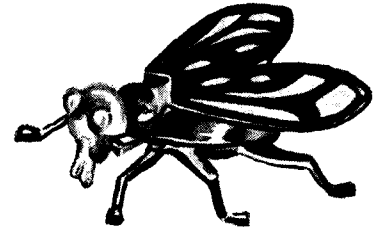
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turned shoe suggests a capsized boat. Often on a rocking sampan it would be more practical to stow bowls, cups, and saucers upside down, but this is never done. Symbols influence the Egg family greatly. If a boat sinks, they will first rescue the passengers who happen to have a piece of wood in their hands, even if it's nothing more than a pencil or a match, on the theory that such passengers are not fated to sink. Woodless passengers are picked up later or allowed to drown. The beliefs of sampan people vary considerably from one river to another. A friend of mine was once taking a taxi sampan across the river at Kukong, a smallish city a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Canton. He asked the taxi woman to hurry, which agitated her. "Don't say 'hurry,'" she admonished him. "If you want to hurry, that means you want to hurry to the end of your life—you want to hurry to Hell." My friend calmed down. But it is permissible to discuss hurrying on the Pearl River, perhaps because Canton is a big, boisterous, semi-modernized city.

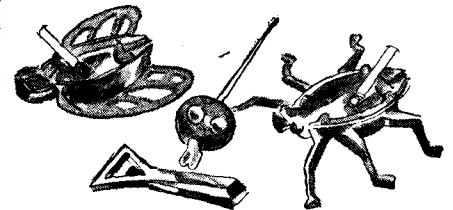
THE river is a center of entertainment for Canton, a Coney Island for the pavement plodder. In hot weather, people from the shore are rowed through moist breezes to restaurant barges—large bamboo rafts, roofed over but open on all sides, decorated in blues and greens, with flapping pennants at their cornices. They have such names as Silver Dragon, Silver Gate, and Ocean Heaven, and their chief attraction is sea food—crabs, shrimps, and mussels from nearby waters—served by girl waitresses, who stand behind the guests and feed them tidbits picked out with chopsticks from the dishes on the table. There are also semi-private restaurant barges, known as "purple tunnels." They are called tunnels because of their shape—they are long, arched, and narrow—and purple not because they are painted purple (they aren't) but because it is a romantic-sounding color. Purple tunnels are rented for the evening by parties, perhaps of tired city businessmen, who feast, drink tea, and relax on them. Most important, the guests can play mah-jongg there, a game that is officially labelled a vice in China but to the Cantonese is like the air they breathe. They play it noisily, with a great rattling of the tiles, and a row of purple tunnels at dusk sounds like a row of busy coal chutes.

A good deal of prostitution is practiced on the river, and some "streets" are set

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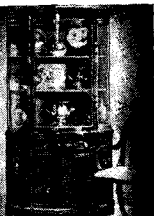
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aside for it. In the evenings, girls with their faces painted and their hair arranged in Western coiffures sit in the bows of sampans in expensive-looking pajamas, waiting for customers to come, bargain, and step aboard. There is one girl, attended by a maid, in each boat. As a rule, the girls are slaves, sold in childhood by parents unable to afford the raising of female children, who are still looked upon as ruinously bad investments by the poorer Chinese. On other sampans are singsong girls, who specialize in songs, light conversation, and companionship. On still others are masseuses. Cantonese massage is entirely peculiar to the city and needs a little explanation. Some students of the Orient think that Chinese civilization is so refined that everything said or done is merely a gesture, token, or symbol, rather than an action aimed at a practical end. Official statements and government budgets, these students hold, are composed purely for their sound, without regard for fact; battles are simply minuets that act out previous negotiations. Whether this is generally true is a controversial point, but it does seem to be true of Cantonese massage. In this art, no attempt is made to bruise the patient's muscles or give him the sensation of surviving an ordeal. The idea is to make impressive noises without causing pain. The masseuse cups her hands so that she strikes the customer's body with a loud report and no sting. Or she puts both hands together as if in prayer, but with the fingers spread wide apart, and then brings them down on the customer in a soft chopping motion, letting her fingers snap together with a crack. These two basic strokes, which, when well done, sound like machine-gun explosions, are combined in tricky rhythms, and they add much to the evening atmosphere on the river. Many people are out then, cruising aimlessly. Most boats are brightly lit by lights hung from the roofs and powered by storage batteries (which are recharged, of course, by commercial storage-battery sampans). Refreshment boats are everywhere, selling melons, peanuts, pineapples, pickled ginger, water chestnuts, cigarettes, wine, and soft drinks. Behind all this movement can be heard the rhythmic, unrelenting sounds of the river—the creak of oarlocks, the plashing of oars, and the sharp tattoo of massage, borne here and there on the evening air.

This entertainment business is one of the boat colony's chief ties to the land, and one of its chief sources of revenue.

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American terms, the colony might be described as a residential and resort suburb, but that would be misleading. The sampans are in the shadow of a cosmopolitan city, but their connection with it is much less than that between, say, Far Rockaway and New York. Land people are so bewildered by boat people that they can't fit them properly into their scheme of things. Ordinary Canton shopkeepers, for instance, won't extend credit to the sampan dwellers, in the belief, reasonable to a land-conditioned mind, that they may float away and not be seen again. They can get credit only from a few shore establishments run by former sampan men who have grown rich and partly changed their ways. These men have an attitude much like that of reformed gypsies in Europe; they keep up their old connections and often maintain a private sampan on the river out of sentiment, the way rich gypsies are said to keep tents in the courtyards of their mansions. They function as a sort of bridgehead for Egg Family members, receiving mail for them and making loans in complete confidence that anyone on a sampan can be found again when wanted.

LIVING thus, incomprehensibly, on an incomprehensible element, the Egg Family has been allowed to go its own way. It is pretty much autonomous. What the Communists will do about it is a perplexing question. It is easy to imagine their going astray through overzealousness—to visualize a young Communist organizer bustling forth onto the river and committing a ruinous faux pas, such as leaving his shoes upside down on a boat, or perhaps even falling into the water without a pencil or a match in his hand and drowning. That is what the scenario might call for. On the other hand, the Chinese are noted for being able to reconcile things that must be reconciled. The customs of the Egg Family arise naturally from the water, just like mists and lotuses, and it is quite likely that the Communists will recognize this fact and not try to reform the pigtailed maidens, the purple tunnels, and the buoyed children.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

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THE RACE TRACK

Belmont Again



AT Belmont last week, it was Old Home Week for us horseplayers—just one round after another of good racing and fine weather, with never a thought of Jamaica. On Monday, Royal Governor beat Royal Blood and eleven others in the Fall Highweight Handicap; on Wednesday, Capot returned from a long holiday and took the Jerome Handicap, one of the older events for three-year-olds (it was first run in 1866); and on Saturday, Bed o' Roses won the Matron Stakes and Donor won the Manhattan Handicap. Even the claiming races seemed livelier than usual, and Colonel Martingale was so worn out from checking up on stable tips that he threatened to cane the next person who pointed a good thing at him.

The mile-and-a-half Manhattan Handicap was the best show of the week. It brought out everybody's pet horses, and it was run without any of those flighty exhibitions of jockeyship one sometimes sees in long races. As was expected, Stunts took the lead quickly, but Doubtless II, who made such a runaway of the Saratoga Cup, joined him in the backstretch. At the turn for home, My Request passed them both easily, and he looked the winner until he tired in the last furlong. Even so, Donor beat him by less than a length. I guess the weight was a bit too much for My Request. He carried a hundred and twenty-five pounds, giving seven pounds to Donor, who, although he's so skinny that he has to wear a special harness to keep his saddle in place, is one of our better runners. He beat Ponder in the Narragansett Special. Remember? As for the others, Stunts was third, and Stymie picked up \$1,250 in fourth money. (Earlier in the week, Stymie earned \$500 by finishing third in a minor race. No doubt he'll start in the New York Handicap on Saturday. A dollar here and a dollar there, you know. Stymie is working hard, but I believe he is happier around the race track than he would be on a farm. He likes the attention he gets from the crowds, and he apparently dotes on being photographed. Whenever he sees a man with a camera, he strikes a pose. Man o' War used to do that, too.) It's not easy to account for

Assault's poor showing in the Manhattan. He trained well and has seldom looked better, yet he was last most of the way. Maybe he needs to be psychoanalyzed.

THERE really isn't very much to be said about Capot except that his rest seems to have done him a lot of good. He gave ten pounds to Arise in the Jerome, and Arise is a promising colt. Now, I daresay, Capot will try for the Jockey Club Gold Cup, in which he'll meet Ponder. That should be some fun.

No use trying to make allowances for Striking, the favorite in the Matron Stakes, who finished third; she's fast but she can't run far. Bed o' Roses, the winner, is something else again. Right now she seems to be the best of her age and sex. While we're on the subject of two-year-olds, I regret to report that Hill Prince, the brilliant youngster with the deplumed tail, was coughing the other morning and has been retired for the season. Well, he'll have plenty of time to grow a new tail for next spring.

THAT just about cleans up last week, and it leaves me little enough room to talk about the Futurity, at Belmont, this Saturday. As you may not have heard, this will be the first time in sixty years that the runners will meet at scale weight—a hundred and twenty-two pounds for colts and a hundred and nineteen for fillies. In the past, there were penalties—extra weight for the winners of previous big races. There is, however, a six-pound allowance for maidens this year. And don't be surprised if a maiden wins it—a colt named Ode, whose mother is Sappho. (In the improbable event that the term "maiden," applied to a colt, startles you, don't worry; it merely means an animal of either sex who has never won a race.) Ode gave a remarkable performance the other day, finishing second to Eternal City after getting away seventeenth in a race at five and a half furlongs. The Futurity is at six and a half furlongs. Of course, the solid horse is The Diver. He's my first choice, but I'm going to have a saver ("savior," as we betting men pronounce it) on Ode.

—AUDAX MINOR

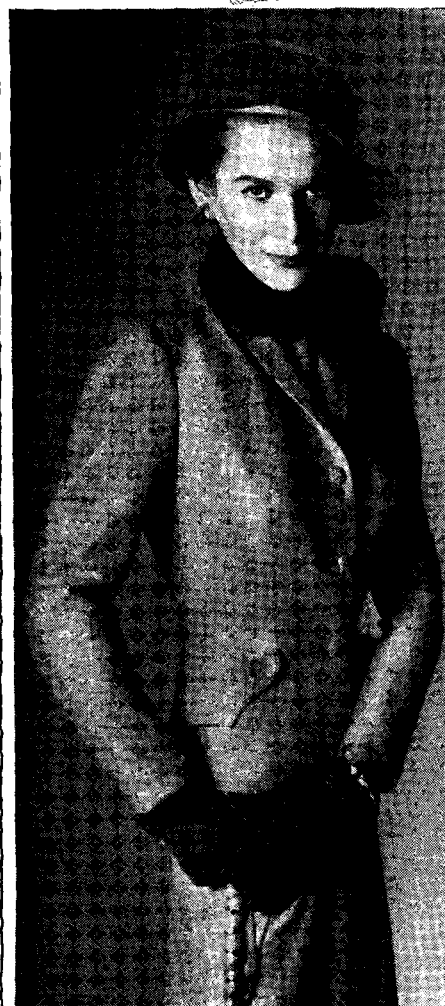
Andrew Jackson, born posthumously of Irish immigrants, who lived in a wilderness of great poverty, stood for the primitive in American life.—*Washington Star*.

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POSTSCRIPTS TO THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF O.K.

AS words and terms run in the world, O.K. is certainly not one of the most splendidous, and few lexicographers, I presume, would venture to put it in a crystal vase on the shelf where they keep *supergobsloptious*, *gastroenterocolostomy*, or *antitransubstantialist*. But even the sniffiest of them would hesitate to dismiss it altogether, for though it has never got above the level of easy colloquial speech, it has held its place there for more than a century, and is now heartier and sassier than ever before, and has gone further in the world than any other American contribution to human utterance, however elegant. The soldiers in World War II, penetrating to regions that few of them had ever heard of before, found it in use almost everywhere. The Japs in the islands of the South Seas knew it, and it rolled off the tongues of cannibals in the dark recesses of Africa. The Russians use it, and likewise the Guatemalans; the Spaniards and the Eskimos; the Maoris, of New Zealand, and the Siamese. It has got into the larger dictionaries of all the civilized languages, and unlike most other such migrants it has retained its native meaning wherever it has settled down. O.K. is O.K. everywhere on earth, from Greenland to New Guinea.

Yet its origin remained a puzzle to the dictionary boys until only a little while ago—more precisely, until July 19, 1941, when Allen Walker Read, now of Columbia University, published a solution of the problem in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, a New Deal literary weekly. This was almost exactly a hundred and one years after O.K. first burst upon mankind. During that time, dozens of eminent scholars had tackled it, but one and all had been thrown. As we shall see, even Woodrow Wilson, ordinarily a very sharp customer, was among them; he landed on his *dokus* like the humblest of the common, or dirt, professors. But Read, a young man but an extremely learned and ingenious one, boldly entered the lion's cage wherein so many of his elders had perished, and presently he emerged triumphant. Not to keep you in suspense, I'll tell you at once that he came out with plain and irrefutable proof that O.K. was invented early in the Presidential campaign of 1840; that it was

derived from *Old Kinderhook*, the name of the birthplace of Martin Van Buren, the Democratic candidate; that it immediately became the slogan of his partisans; and that in almost no time it spread over the country and lost all political significance. On March 23, 1840, it meant *Old Kinderhook* and nothing else, but long before the end of the year it had come to mean everything that O.K. means today.

SCHOOLMA'AMS who have read their own textbooks will recall (with maybe a little prompting) that Van Buren was President in 1840, having been elected in 1836 over the Whig General William Henry Harrison. He, naturally, sweated for another term, and, equally naturally, Harrison sweated for a second chance. Thus the campaign of 1840 was on all fours with that of 1948, but its issue was very much different, for Van Buren was walloped to the tune of two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes to sixty. But until Harrison reached his solar plexus in this second round, he was a potent and successful fellow, and it was during his time that the science of practical politics, as we know it today, was invented. His followers swarmed in New York, marching, howling, and scaring peaceful householders and the police. They were organized in a multitude of clubs, some specializing in stuffing the ballot box,



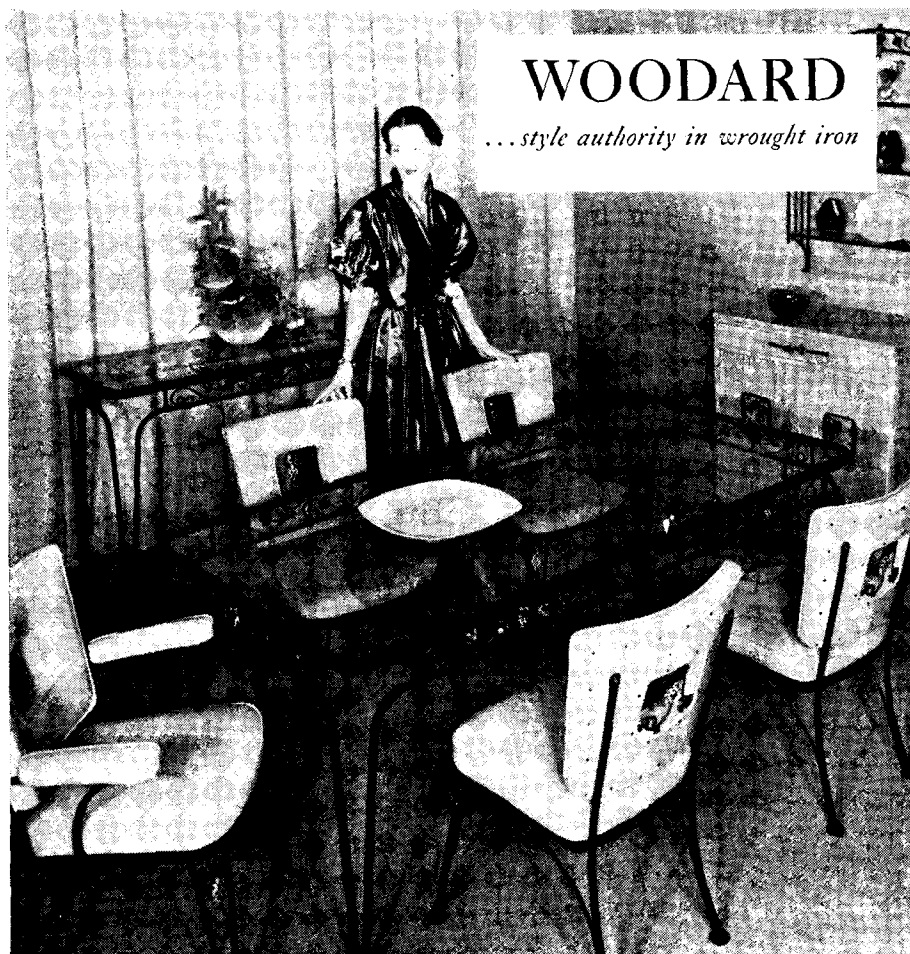
some in chasing Whigs away from the polls, and some in raiding and breaking up Whig meetings. Many of these clubs bore strange and even fearsome names, and were grouped into factions bearing still stranger—the *Butt Enders*, the *Ringtails*, the *Huge Paws*, the *Locofocos*, the *Simon Pures*, the *Barnburners*, the *Woolly Heads*, and so on. That itch for mystification that still afflicts the American moron

was just then beginning to show itself, and some of the Van Buren organizations revealed all the stigmata of the later Know-Nothing Party and the Ku Klux Klan. Thus, when some heeler thought of *Old Kinderhook* as a name for a new club, some other heeler at once sought to improve it in the common direction, and what improvement could have been better than to reduce it to unintelligible initials? Such was the birth of O.K. Being at once succinct,

staccato, and nonsensical, it had everything. Moreover, there was a touch of humor in it, for Americans of the lower I.Q. brackets have always snickered over proper names with *k* in them; for example, *Kalamazoo*, *Kankakee*, *Hohokus*, *Podunk*, *Oshkosh*, *Krokuk*, *Squeddunk*, and *Brooklyn*.

THE first meeting of the *O.K.* Club was held at the home of a member named Colvin, at 245 Grand Street, on Tuesday evening, March 24, 1840. It was a large success, and the assembled patriots (mainly jobholders) determined to play a heroic part in the coming campaign. Their first chance came three days later, on March 27th, when the Whig opposition staged a mass meeting in Masonic Hall, the Madison Square Garden of the time. Just as the chaplain was coming to the end of his opening prayer, the tramp of marching men was heard outside, and a few moments afterward they burst into the hall and proceeded to make a roughhouse. How many there were remains in dispute among historians, but some of the reporters of the time put the number as high as five hundred. Whatever it was, it was enough to throw the assembled Whigs into a panic. As they leaped for the doors and windows, the marchers fanned their backsides with clubs, and alarmed them still more by shouting, "O.K.! O.K.!" in voices of brass. What could this dreadful slogan mean? It seemed to the Whigs to presage mayhem and murder, so they kept on running after they got outside, and the next morning all New York was talking of *O.K.* Every morning paper described the evening's orgies and discussed the new shibboleth. Hack drivers, cops, and other such linguistic progressives howled it at one another, schoolboys threw it at their moms and ma'ams, and the town pastors denounced it from the sacred desk. Within a week, it was on its travels over the country, and by Election Day it was universally dispersed.

At the start, of course, few save the members of the *O.K.* Club knew what *O.K.* meant. Speculation, naturally, followed immediately and soon brought forth some ingenious guesses. The most successful of these, curiously enough, was launched satirically by the *Herald*, then the principal Whig paper in New York. On March 30th, as Read's search revealed, it announced gravely that the father of *O.K.* was Andrew Jackson, the Democratic idol. Some time in the thirties, it said, he received serious charges against Amos Kendall, the Har-



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and put in an unhappy week examining them. Convinced at last that Kendall was innocent, he marked the papers in the case *O.K.* and ordered them filed. But why *O.K.*? Because, explained the mendacious *Herald*, the old boy was so low in book learning that he always spelled *all correct* as *oll* (or *ole*) *kur-reck*. Three days later, the *Commercial Advertiser* embellished the tale by reporting that Jackson had also used *O.K.* to endorse legal papers during his time as a court clerk in Tennessee. Many other bogus etymologies followed, but this was the one that the country liked, and to the Whigs, in particular, it was sweet and juicy. Soon there were liars in circulation who swore that they had seen either the notation on the Kendall dossier or the endorsements on the court records in Tennessee, and the tale was generally believed until December, 1940, when Woodford A. Heflin, of the University of Chicago, slipped down to Gallatin, Tennessee, to have a look, and returned with photographic evidence that what the records really showed was not *O.K.* but *O.R.*—*order recorded*—and that the functionary who wrote it was not Jackson at all but one Daniel Smith. Jackson, in fact, was never clerk of the court in Tennessee.

It was this deliberately lying etymology that converted *O.K.* from a political slogan meaning nothing in particular to a term meaning, according to Webster, "correct, all right." That transformation occurred almost instantaneously, and by the time the campaign of 1840 got under way the Whigs were using *O.K.* as freely as the Democrats and getting, it would seem, quite as much satisfaction out of it. At all events, the first piece of music having the term in its title—the "*O.K.* Gallopade," published in Baltimore in 1840—was respectfully "dedicated to the Whig ladies of the United States." But the Democrats also hung on to it, and the earliest *O.K.* songster that I have been able to unearth—it came out in New York some time after August 15, 1840—was thoroughly Democratic in ideology and spoke of Harrison as a decrepit old military grandma—he was then sixty-seven, a great age in 1840, and actually pegged out in 1841, a month after his inauguration—full of hard cider and false pretenses.

The Jackson etymology was first in the field and had the inside track, so it flourished until Dr. Heflin laid it, in 1941, a few months before Read dug the true origin of *O.K.* out of the files of the New York papers. But it by no means

ponents of rival interpretations raged in the newspapers and philological journals. One formidable faction, mainly made up of pedagogues, insisted that *O.K.* was simply an ignorant form of the Greek *ὀ.κ.* from *ὅλα καλά*, meaning "all correct," a symbol used in marking examination papers by some of the old-time schoolmasters. Another argued that it came from a Scotch phrase, *och aye*, meaning "oh, yes." A third derived it from *aux quais* (roughly, "to the wharves"), "used in the American War of Independence by French sailors who made appointments with [American] girls." A fourth sought its origin in *oikea*, a Finnish word meaning "correct." A fifth went to *H.G.* (pronounced "hah gay"), a phrase of Norwegian and Danish sailors, meaning "shipshape," "ready for the sea." A sixth argued for *ωχ ωχ*, a Greek incantation against fleas. A seventh preferred *O qu-oui*, an emphatic French form of *yes*, used by Sterne in "A Sentimental Journey." An eighth, again, traced the term to the Revolution, during which various German officers endorsed papers *O.K.*, meaning *Oberst Kommandant* (colonel commanding) or *Ober-Kommando* (high command). A ninth went to the victualling history of the Civil War, during which the *Orrins-Kendall* Company, manufacturers of superior hardtack, marked their boxes *O.K.* A tenth pointed to the initials of *Obediah Kelly*, an early railway freight agent, who put them on bills of lading. An eleventh cited *omnia korrekta*, the Latin form of *ὅλα καλά*, used by schoolmasters who had no Greek. A twelfth looked to *Aux Cayes*, the name of a port in what is now Haiti from which the best rum came in Colonial times. A thirteenth recalled that the early shipbuilders, when they hacked out timbers for their ships, always marked the outer keel, the first that they laid, *O.K. No. 1*. A fourteenth contended that the true inventor of *O.K.* for *oll korrek* was not Andrew Jackson but the original John Jacob Astor, whose spelling never got beyond that of a nine-year-old boy. A fifteenth professed to track it back to *hockey*, *hawkey*, *hooky*, *horkey*, or *hoacky*, an old English word meaning "a feast at harvest time," traced by the New English Dictionary to 1555 and apparently obsolete after 1826. A sixteenth argued that *O.K.* was devised by the early telegraphers, along with *30*, *G.M.*, and many other abbreviations. A seventeenth found its eponym in *Old Keokuk*, the name of a chief of the Sauk and Fox Indians who declared his neutrality in the Black Hawk War, and

has been rewarded post-mortem by having the great Christian city of Keokuk, Iowa, named after him and by enjoying a commodious grave in its Rand Park. An eighteenth, to make an end, believed that *O.K.* came from a Choctaw word, *okch*, meaning "all right," and insisted that it should be so spelled. The leader of this last splinter group, during his lifetime, was Woodrow Wilson, who used *okch* in his state papers and held to his dying breath that *O.K.* was wrong.

READ's discovery, of course, swept all of these rump etymologies into the wastebasket and made some of them downright ludicrous, but no one familiar with the workings of the human mind will assume that it thereby disposed of them. The great Webster's New International still flirts with the Wilson derivation, though it made the Choctaw original *oke* or *hoke*, and said it meant "yes, it is." The other dictionaries seem to be gradually moving toward Read, but without any visible enthusiasm. Among his fellow-*Sprachwissenschaftler*, a high hope of knocking him out soon or late seems to persist, and some of them have busied themselves with trying to find examples of *O.K.* before March 23, 1840, which, of course, would do so. First and last, many efforts have been made to do that, but always without success. The most ambitious of these traces the letters to a will filed in the Archdeaconry Court at London on December 8, 1565, but close scrutiny has shown that they were only the initials of the scrivener. Another finds them in books by Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe, published in London in 1593 and 1596, respectively, but there they are plainly used as a noun, in some sense now lost. Yet another unearths them from a Massachusetts muster roll of 1757, but a diligent examination shows that what appears to be *O.K.* is not *O.K.* at all but a badly written *Att.*, standing for *attestation* or *attested by*. Some years ago, it was announced with loud jubilation that *O.K.* had been discovered in a letter, preserved in the Archives of Canada, at Ottawa, written from Oswego, New York, on September 23, 1789, by one John Richardson, but subsequent study proved that what was at first read *O.K.* is really *oak*. Finally, there was some pother when what appeared to be *O.K.* was found in the travel diary of another Richardson, William, under date of February 21, 1815, but Read has since demonstrated that it occurs there only as a slip of the pen. His discovery of 1941 has also



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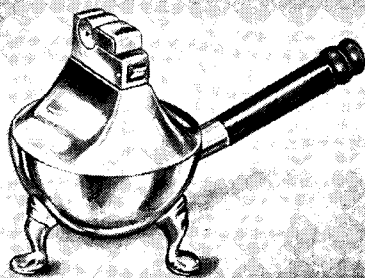
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left high and dry the early work of searchers who found *O.K.* in the *Boston Transcript*, the *Boston Atlas*, and various Ohio papers during April, June, and September, 1840, for his New York examples go back to March of the same year, and all these evidences now prove is that *O.K.* spread quickly.

It did so, without a doubt, but, equally without a doubt, it soon began to wear out its popularity, as slang terms so often do. It did not appear in the first edition of John Russell Bartlett's "A Glossary of Words and Phrases Usually Regarded as Peculiar to the United States," published in 1848, nor was it entered in the editions of 1859, 1860, and 1877. The fact is significant in so far as the first three editions are concerned, for Bartlett in his prime let little escape him, but by the time he came to his last edition he was an old man and grown careless. Six years before that edition came from his palsied hand, *O.K.* had been listed by Maximilian Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia, in his "Americanisms: The English of the New World," along with the bogus Andrew Jackson etymology, and eight years before Schele it had appeared in John Camden Hotten's "Slang Dictionary," published in London. I suspect, without being able to swear to it, that it was the Civil War that revived *O.K.* and opened the way for its present worldwide dispersal. At all events, it began to get into all the slang dictionaries soon thereafter, and then into the more serious dictionaries, and there it has remained ever since. The great Oxford, to be sure, still passed it up sniffishly in 1909, but the Supplement thereof, brought out in 1933, gave considerable space to it and traced it to the *Boston Transcript* of April 15, 1840, less than a month after the date of the primordial example found by Read. The Supplement rejected both the Jackson etymology and the Choctaw etymology but refused warily to hazard one of its own.

The chances are that *O.K.* was finally taken around the world, like so many other Americanisms, by the American movies. It was known in England, though merely as a stranger, in the early eighties. It began to be ubiquitous there only after 1910. The English purists, as usual, opened a war on it as soon as they became aware of it, and that war raged raucously for a quarter of a century. As late as 1935, the diehards were fighting violently for a hundred-per-cent-English competitor, *righto*, though *righto*, according to Eric Partridge, the authority on slang, had



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years after *O.K.* American Anglomaniacs joined in the combat on the die-hard side, and one of them, the wife of a university president, printed a letter in the London *Daily Telegraph* of March 6, 1935, that belabored *O.K.* in a really frantic manner. But this lady, alas, was constrained to confess that she had already heard it used in "an English drawing room" and left the general impression that she believed the battle was lost. It surely was, for before the end of the year the august London *Times* admitted formally that *O.K.* had come to stay, and bade the English bear it with resignation. Almost simultaneously, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, reviewing a case brought from far-away Rangoon, Burma, decided solemnly that putting *O.K.* upon a legal document meant that "the details contained therein were correctly given."

IN this great free Republic, all the parts of speech are interchangeable, so it is not surprising that *O.K.*, starting out as an adjective, has since become a noun, verb, and adverb. "Please *O.K.* this expense account" is perfectly good American, and so are "His *O.K.* was *O.K.*" and "I got the money *O.K.*" There was once a tendency, following Woodrow's high example, to write the word *okay*, *okay*, or *okeh*, but these seem to be going out of fashion. I also note, to my relief, a weakening of the whimsical forms *oke*, *oky-doke*, *oky-doky*, and *oky-dory*, the last probably a love child of *O.K.* and *hunky-dory*. At the United Nations orgies at San Francisco in 1945, the Honorable Vyacheslav M. Molotov, the godfather of the popular bomb of the same name, is said to have invented *nokey*, meaning *no*. But it did not take, and he has since returned to *no* himself, though he still uses *O.K.*

—H. L. MENCKEN

Her fiancé graduated from Los Angeles High School and from Harvard University in 1946. He is now attending Harvard Law School. His fraternal affiliations are Phi Beta Kappa and Magna Cum Laude.

—Monrovia (Calif.) *News-Post*.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



LIFE can be beautiful, and that can be said, too, about the fall custom clothes. I was never devoted to the belief that clothes are solely a means of covering the body, anyway. All over town, the offerings are exciting, and dashing, and, to hear the designers tell it, practical. As always when there is an upheaval in fashion, much of the flamboyance is quite strained. Some of the drapery is confining to the legs, and some of the soaring shoulder detail is a nuisance. Jacques Fath, for instance, is sometimes very, very good and sometimes very, very out of line. He makes some of the best simple (yet spectacular) wool or crêpe dresses in town. One of them, at Bendel, is a gray wool belted sheath with a huge self bow jutting forward on one hipbone; another, a straight, slim little black wool job, has big knots in front of each hip—balanced, for once, in this era of sideswept fashions. But other Fath dresses are so wrapped around the body and so loaded with buttons that even professional mannequins can't walk in them. (There's such a thing as getting too architectural.) Dior, the presiding Paris genius, who seems set to take over our fashion world the way Chanel did in the twenties, can produce thoroughly messy necklines when he puts his mind to it. Bonwit shows a dress of heavy nubby black silk with a skinny skirt, the inevitable belt, and a top that reveals a straight-across slip beneath; the top is heavily bloused, sleeveless, and fastened with three bone buttons across the top of each shoulder, producing a very hump-backed look. Other Diors, a lot of them for cocktail time, have bare backs and halter straps combined with fronts that loom wide and high and full across the chest.

but is it Life? Expert fitting is a requisite for a number of the Dior suit jackets, full and gathered in by a casual belt. Despite the slim skirt that accompanies them, many a woman who wants to look soignée is going to look like a girl of the Limberlost unless she is groomed to a T.

These are my only words of caution, however. Everywhere, there are silhouettes that mold the body closely and then jut jaggedly. Some are sheaths with great bows at the hips, floating panels, and so on. Castillo, at Elizabeth Arden, uses sharp, wide triangular folds to achieve his "kite" skirt silhouette, exemplified by a simple black satin dance dress, with an allover velvet pattern, that begins to zoom out at the thighs and then tapers in toward the hemline. I am entertained, too, by the discovery that the college craze for "separates" has worked upward to the high-style people. For instance, Lilly Daché loves to start out with a skinny taffeta sheath and add jackets, overskirts, stoles, or whatever. Carrie Munn, a girl who likes monkeyshines, is still making her circular skirts, midcalf length, of quilted silk with sequins emphasizing the pattern

of the quilting. Her Weekend outfit is based on a black quilted-satin skirt. To this you add, on Friday night, a short-sleeved blouse of pink silk jersey with a print of black plumes. For a gala Saturday night, the skirt is worn as a tunic over a puffy, floor-length underskirt of satin-striped faille. A black lace bodice with shirred straps falling off the shoulders goes with this, and you wear a sweater top with the skirt on Sunday night.

ELIZABETH ARDEN's Castillo is one of the subtlest designers in New York, but he does not disdain trying tricks. He's still playing with panels, many of them caught in at the hem in a harem-skirt effect, on even the slimmest of daytime skirts. A brown wool one-piece dress has a bloused back and a skirt with panels caught in under the hem; a red wool dress has a tight, long-sleeved top and panels looped under the hem of the skirt at each side of its buttoned front closing. He is also fond (and here he is faithful to his own fashion) of collars that stand up high in back and flare forward in folds. And (here he is unique) he shows



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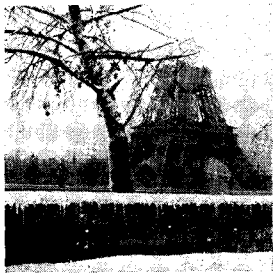
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many, many suits and coats and day dresses with elbow sleeves, either elaborately cuffed with fur or having flaring turned-back cuffs. Naturally, you wear long suede gloves with these, to increase their elegance and casual grace. A black wool suit with a deep collar of Persian lamb has flaring Persian cuffs; a long coat of beige wool has vast nutria elbow-length turned-back cuffs. This coat also incorporates another Castillo notion—the extra collar. In this instance, it is made shawl style, of nutria and wool, and swathes the shoulders below the simple lapelled neckline. Another coat, of black velvet, has an extra shawl collar huddling below the shoulders and trimmed with loops of the braid that trims the flareback cuffs of the elbow sleeves; a belted black wool coat has simple revers, but a whopping shawl collar, banded with black velvet, wraps the shoulders. There are all kinds of collars-within-collars—many fur scarves are folded inside the Vs of necklines, and some suits have extremely sharp points emerging above the scarves. The lopsided collar is also represented in the Castillo collection; a black velvet-and-wool jacket has one that flares up back of one ear and ends in two velvet-lined points jabbing forward from the hollow of the opposite shoulder. In fact, sharp points are everywhere in the collection.

BONWIT TELLER's custom salon has exquisite designs by its own Mr. Lépolé and an excellent assortment of French models. Molyneux, who is addicted to the slim, hipless line, astounds even himself with a suit of golden tweed, whose skirt has a colossal inverted pleat front and back below a straight jacket with double-breasted detail. But he hasn't neglected his trademark—the loose, hip-length jacket and narrow skirt are offered in corduroy, and good they look, too. There are several box jackets around the salon. One, by Lépolé, of red tweed, is just above waist length and has self band decoration. Dior has done a suit that looks like a coat dress, with a waist-length jacket that is bloused and has epaulettes of fringe along the upper arms. For relaxed, between-season wear, Piguët shows a chemise dress of sapphire-and-black plaid wool, with a heavy black wool shoulder cape. Fabric coats have never been more interesting than they are this year, though some of them undoubtedly cost as much as mink. Piguët's coat of bright-blue wool has a pointed turn-over collar and goes from the shoulder blades making a vast back flare; he also

does a fitted blue wool coat with a floating panel, beginning at the waist, down the back. Grès's gray heavy wool coat, with a wide fichu collar over the shoulders, has soft pleating at the side front and sleeves beginning at the nipped-in waistline. (While I'm on the subject of superb French coats, I should point out that Bendel has a beautiful Balmain pale-blue heavy wool coat, with sleeves starting at the waist, that somehow keeps slender despite the bulk of the fabric and the cut of the sleeves.)

For cocktails and evening, the best of the Bonwit French group is Molyneux's slim black faille dress with the skirt wrapped across the front, double-breasted black buttons, and a halter back. There are many long, full-skirted dresses with tops of the close-fitting, almost evening-sweater type; Balenciaga's dark-red chenille lace bateau-necked job has a black satin skirt; LeFaurie shows a blue-and-silver horizontally striped brocade dress with an off-shoulder black velvet top. But there is nothing collegiate about a couple of Paquin evening dresses. One is a black satin sheath, draped over the hips, with one shoulder strap going into a scarf that you wrap to cover the décolletage or let dangle; the other has a black lace top and a double-tiered black lace skirt sweeping away in front from a black satin sheath.

CARRIE MUNN's attitude toward clothes is jaunty and joyous and extravagant, and the fabrics she is using this year are a great help to her mood. Smoke-gray satin with a woven velvet pattern looking like appliqué makes a dance dress with a deep V décolletage front and back and with deep V-pointed panels hitting the floor here and there. Black faille, with tiny woven floral patterns, makes a cocktail dress that has black velvet bands in spiral effect down the full skirt; black brocaded satin with silvery lamé lace-pattern bands woven in makes a formal evening dress with a huge, floor-length skirt and froths of black net and black satin bows on the upper arms instead of sleeves. This is a "practical" dress, Mrs. Munn will tell you, with a straight face; that is, to it you can add a black velvet overskirt, cut curving away in front, and a black velvet peplum jacket, if that is your idea of practicality. Kelly-and-black checked satin faille produces a short dance dress that is strapless on one side and has a sleeve and a high-riding butterfly bow on the opposite shoulder. The lopsided neck is done more moderately on a short black taffeta dress with a skirt that is

all sunburst pleating; its flaring collar is noticeably higher on one side than on the other. But don't think that Munn's clothes are all citified. A large, quilted plaid wool cape has a collar that can be turned up all around to eye level. And a striped wool, in a mixture of gray, red, black, beige, and white that looks like a plaid, appears in a street-length skirt that resembles those bloused gauchito pants. It is worn with a snug black bengaline bolero.

ADRIAN's de-luxe ready-to-wear collection, at Gunther-Jaekel's new shop (10 East 57th), has knocked the customers for a row again. To start with his wearable things (and there are some beauties in *this* division), he shows perfect topcoats—pale-yellow wool with a gray stripe in a straight, full coat, with the stripe worked into diamond patterns down the sides; off-white wool, full-length and fitted, with yellow buttons down one side to hold the panel that shoots from one side of the center front to the center back; more off-white wool in a knee-length coat with slanting tabs on the hips to simulate a very low waistline, and a tiny bolero fold under the armpits; any number of graceful coats in plaids and checks that can be belted, full, or straight. His suits include one in yellow wool with twisted self appliqué slanting from the collarless neck to the armpits and more of it down the hips; there's a self tie at the waist in front and a slim brown skirt. A striped wool suit, in black and tan, with the stripe worked in helter-skelter bands around the body, is collarless and severe; snaps eliminate even buttons as detail. Then, of course, there are glamorous eccentricities. A handsome heavy metal-cloth fabric, in a gray snake-scale print with shimmerings of gold, makes long tailored jackets for strapless, slim cocktail dresses or slinky, full-length, short-sleeved formal dresses that are tubular in front and have a circular train in back; leopard-skin lamé (with a silvery surface to take the curse off the orange in the print) makes another evening dress with a narrow front and deep loops of drapery from the shoulders down to the hips; a tiger-skin print tissue taffeta makes a strapped dance dress with a flat back and



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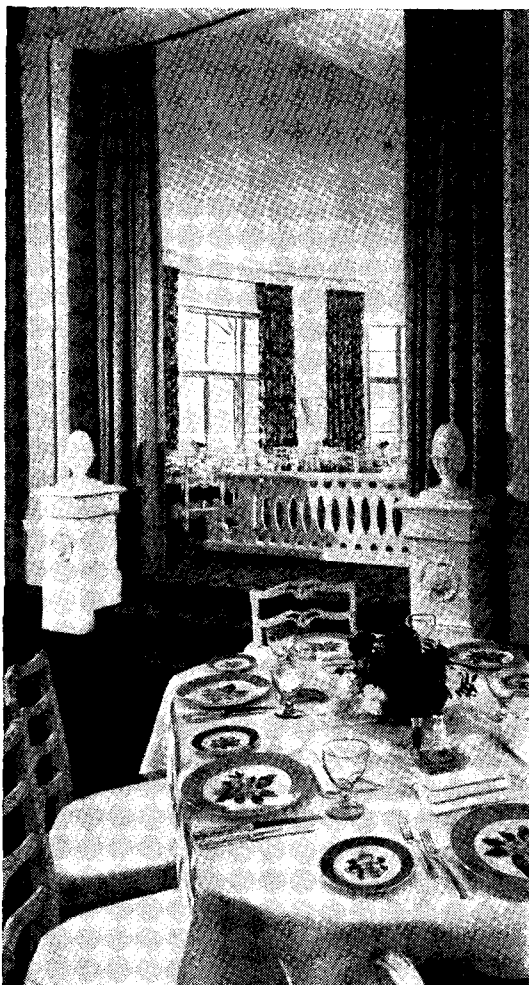


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front and Adrian's favorite side treatments, which can be crushed against the body or pulled out to great big panniers. (The bolero of this one uses a glistening version of the tiger print.) And the really dramatic evening dresses for Entrances include combinations of bright-pink, Kelly-green, and orange taffeta, tremendously full at the sides, naked in back, and well covered in front, and a full-skirted performance combining dull-blue, purple, and dirty-green surah, one shoulder of which is covered. This covering ends in a scarf that can be worn over the head, trailed behind, or wrapped, sari fashion. All in all, a razzle-dazzle exhibition.

LILLY DACHÉ is showing a collection of custom and ready-to-wear clothes that have their magnificent moments—dance dresses cut straight down in a V to the waist in back (and how I love them; I can't stand a cluttered décolletage), and travel coats for that trip to Mars everybody is contemplating. One, of camel's hair, is wrapped over to a highish fold on one hip, nipped in with a braided-leather belt, and has a collar that is wrapped high and across. And she has perfect all-day-long black dresses, including a wool jersey that is wrapped high across the throat, belted, and has a scarf dangling behind one shoulder and another caught in under the belt on the opposite side. The simple black suit can be found here, too—witness a black wool one with a black velvet collar rising on each side to make the throat look more slender, and black velvet bands down the sides of the slim jacket and skirt to make them look even slimmer. She has clothes that range all the way from the purposeful to the extraordinary, but it must be remembered that Daché is still a milliner, and her hats, all custom, are completely enchanting. There are all kinds of little caps, arching over the hairline in front, coming down in points in front of the ears, and often giving the effect of casual bandanna draping in back. She even manages this last in leopard, which, with a matching muff, makes lively accessories for that basic black. There are hats that start forth as flat caps but extend into a jagged flare, sometimes going straight sideways, sometimes upward and forward. Better look at them before you decide that Persian lamb needs to be clumsy in headgear. For the theatre, infinitesimal hats perch above all-over veils that often have velvet or flower appliqués astern, to enhance your shingle bob; Daché also likes wreaths of

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lacquered real hair to doll up that short hair-do that might look too plain with bouffant dresses. She suggests great dripping earrings and enormous necklaces for evenings, and she likes hats to cast a shadow over your mysterious eyes. I was wondering what became of monkey fur a while back, but Daché has it, dripping like a veil, over the straight brim of a dressy afternoon hat.—L. L.

DEPARTMENT OF EULOGY AND OBLOQUY

(TWO RESPONSES TO CERTAIN VALEDICTORY AND OPINIONATIVE VERSES, WRITTEN BY CONGRESSMAN ROBERT HALE ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM WASHINGTON FOR THE DURATION OF THE HOUSE RECESS AND PUBLISHED IN THE SEPTEMBER 10TH ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE)

What is the Country coming to, I wonder?
Hark the high voice now heard above the thunder
That echoes from our legislative halls;
A poet sits within the House of Reason,
Contributes rhyme, and is not tried for treason.
In witty verse the roll of fame he calls;
Names them by name, disdains to deal in rumor,
Nails down a fact, hammers the nail with humor,
And cares not where satiric onus falls.

Orators, yes, have filled the House by myriads,
Straining the dome with swelling, pond'rous periods
That echo far on thirtieths of May,
But poets have scarcely dared to show their faces,
Or add to eloquence Erato's graces,
When they have found some senseful thing to say—
That is, till Robert Hale, by Maine selected,
Entered the lists and got himself elected.
I surely hope the bard has come to stay.

For what our Country needs is not mere reason
But rhyme as well, with kindly wit to season,
Since rhyme brings order and a jointed plan,
A terse economy in measured motion.
(Not will-o'-wisp'ing after every notion—
That way lies chaos and the end of man.)
Just look at what the other Solons gave us!
Let's try some poets; maybe *they* can save us
And finish up what Robert Hale began.

—H. P. SCOTT

Farewell to *thee*,
Most Honorable Robert Hale, M.C.
We hail thy leaving, waving with elation,
Knowing that as Maine goes, so *comes* the nation,
And as the gap between grows wide and riven—
Our doubts, our fears, our reservations shriven—
We come, at last, out into the full light
And find how far the Left is from the Right.

O Congressman, our hearts go out to thee,
Victim of Bowdoin, 1910, A.B.,
Martyred by double Oxford (Eng.) degrees,
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Rest well, back there in Portland, Me.
Recoup thy strength, regain thy energy,
So that thou mayst renew the fight, when able,
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For Western grain, for Southern goobers—
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—RUSSELL P. ANDREWS (of no fixed abode or state)



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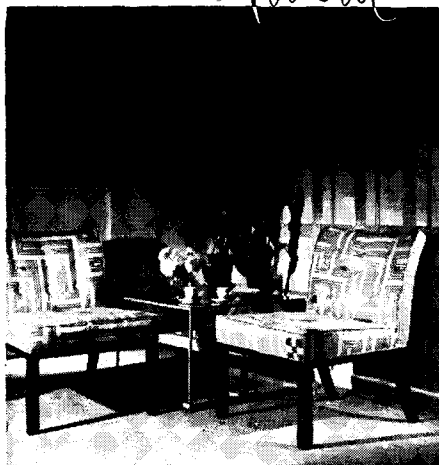
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LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 22

THE devaluation of the pound went off like a bomb that you can hear coming but that makes you jump just the same. The public is still rocking from the effects of the startling explosion, unsure as to whether things will be looking better or worse when, eventually, the smoke clears. Certainly a good deal of the shock proceeded from the fact that the Chancellor had become identified in most people's minds with the maintaining of the precious pound sterling. All his utterances on the subject had given the impression that he intended to stand or fall with it. Though making allowances for the necessary lack of frankness preceding the operation, even those Britons who expected devaluation seem somewhat astonished by the briskness with which he has bent the pound, not to mention its staggering new angle.



At Sir Stafford's enormous press conference in the ecclesiastical atmosphere of Church House, Westminster, he looked far more a spruce figure at a wedding, come to give away a cherished daughter, than a coroner sitting on the facts of a sensational demise. The assembled journalists hadn't a chance against a fascinating performance that crackled with good humor and vigor. Some of them, however, to judge by the next morning's papers, were not sufficiently dazzled to quit asking awkward questions when they got back to their desks. For many Britons, the gravest disappointment was the Chancellor's reference to the Government's plans for what is now politely termed "retrenchment"—a synonym for what most Britons visualize clearly enough as a lean and uncomfortable time. Sir Stafford made it even clearer that, whatever the discomforts in store, not a hair of the welfare state is to be touched. His announcement that expenditures for social services and defense would be undiminished but that there would be unspecified cuts in administration costs sounded chillingly vague to those who had hoped that the courageous devaluation would be accompanied by more specifically tough policies at home. The non-supporters of the Socialists explain this notable omission, of course, by reminding one cynically that elections are coming and that the Government will have enough to do to account for the new rise in the price of bread to its supporters, who

are always ready to fear the boggy of the bad old years of soup kitchens and public indifference.

Full employment and social services for all are being spotlighted as the Attlee administration's special attractions to offset the unpleasant effects of devaluation, which the Communists have already denounced with angry cries as a brutal attempt to dump the burden of the economic troubles on the working people of Britain. Though there have been soothing official assurances that no more immediate price rises are likely, there is skepticism about

whether they can be altogether avoided. (Gasoline is rumored to be in for a jump soon.) Should higher prices come, the trade unions will have the ticklish job of checking further wage demands, which if granted would cut the trade-catching advantages right out from under the drastic devaluing decision.

The National Union of Manufacturers, representing a different set of worries, has just published a statement in which it speculates on the American attitude toward a possible influx of low-priced British goods, in spite of the promises from Washington of a review of the American tariff structure. All these anxieties and criticisms will unquestionably be aired when Parliament hurries back from its summer vacation. Meanwhile, there is relief that the Chancellor has ended the recent devaluation jitters by taking what so many Britons consider a necessary and firm step forward. The danger is that people may get the idea that one step means an arrival anywhere.

Caught by the currency slide, British vacationists are beginning to stream home from across the Channel. All the travel bureaus on this side are crowded with prospective tourists who want to know how they can make their severely altered fifty pounds still add up to an already planned trip to Italy or Switzerland. The only really beaming faces are those of British hotelkeepers, who are checking up on heating systems, ice water, and other American eccentricities, in expectation of a bumper crop of dollar tourists.

THERE have lately been agitated inquiries into the future of some well-known features of that valuable dollar-making concern, the English countryside. The state legally took the landscape to its bosom this year



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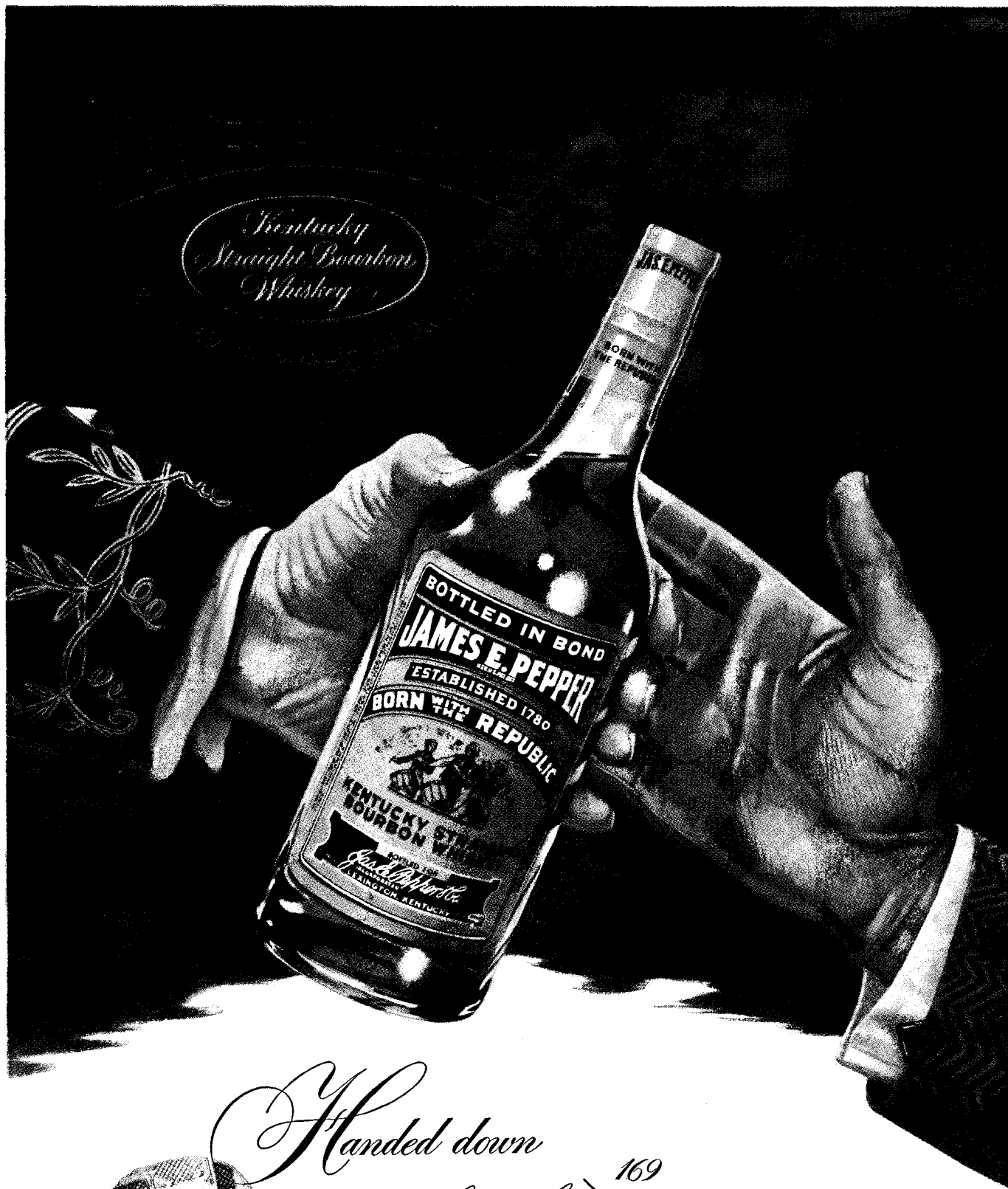


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with the National Parks and Access to the Countryside bill, which is aimed at preserving unspoiled tracts of England and throwing open to nature-loving hikers areas of "mountain, moor, heath, down, cliff, or foreshore" that had previously been thrown open mainly to rich men's grouse and cattle. However, according to the admirable Council for the Preservation of Rural England, which acts as a vigilant voluntary caretaker of natural beauties, the state godfather, ostensibly so benevolent, in many areas turns out actually to be an ogre hungering to devour the lovely captive. England's desperate economic needs and her position as a small, easily attacked island are against her. The Council's last report mournfully quotes instances where military-training areas, opencast mines, and unsightly electricity and quarrying developments have been plumped down in some of the most picturesque and fertile country. The War Department, for example, has taken such a savage bite out of the exquisite Dartmoor region that the Council says that, in its opinion, the proposed national park in the area is done for, since tourists may not be so keen for the bracing moorland air when it is mixed with flying shot. The famous Peak District, another proposed site for a national park, is threatened by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which has granted, for the sizable period of a hundred and seventeen years, a lease for a vast addition to the Hope Valley cement works, including the unattractive landmark of a four-hundred-foot chimney, which means acres of ruined farmland and the resulting loss of the industrial Midlands' most popular holiday playground. With its unfortunate knack for picking on national-park preserves for its industrial schemes, the Government is also planning to put up a vast hydroelectric plant in North Wales, which will entail the construction of eighteen new reservoirs and power stations, some of them knocking out the choicest mountain scenery around Snowdon.

The Council is currently decrying the proposed flooding of the Emborne Valley, in Berkshire, to provide a new water supply for London. If the Government project is carried out, nine and a half square miles, including hapless villagers' homes, pubs, and churches, will be at the bottom of the reservoir, together with fields that, according to computations of the National Farmers' Union, account annually for four hundred thousand gallons of milk, five hundred tons of wheat, and three hundred tons of barley. The Govern-

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ment answer, to the Council, at any rate, is that progress must come before sentiment in hard times. All the same, plenty of country-lovers wish that some of progress's attendant disfigurements could be sidetracked into spots less enthusiastically mentioned by the guide-books.

THE planners have been cancelled out altogether in J. B. Priestley's new play, a peep into the future called "Summer Day's Dream," at the St. Martin's. The time is 1975, the place an England so devastated by the atomic Third World War that her capital is Shrewsbury (where house agents can now presumably expect some sharp business). The few English who have remained on the shattered island have settled down philosophically to be hempen homespuns, tilling the soil, living by barter, quoting and acting Shakespeare by the yard, and not bothering their heads moping about past glories. But into this decaying paradise come three serpents—an American industrialist, a Russian lady commissar (played by a beautiful and talented Czech actress, Adina Mandlova), and an Indian scientist—who are conveniently stranded there by a damaged helicopter to make a neat, symbolic trio of the new world powers. Mr. Priestley shows how the three succumb to the magical atmosphere of this backward, agricultural, maddeningly unregretful England—all of which would be fine if the atmosphere were indeed magical, instead of reminding one of those slightly smug nature-cure homes, where newcomers are assured that everything will be wonderful as soon as they have got that dreadful poison out of their systems. The characters frequently utter sentiments with which few will seriously quarrel—that a truly successful life is not one spent in pursuing power and stomach ulcers, that the state can be an octopus, that the individual is more important and noble than the system, and so on. As an incentive to living through whatever the next twenty-five years may be concealing, however, Mr. Priestley's picture seems to fall short.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

SAY IT RIGHT

Today's names in the news and how to pronounce them:

Syngman Rhee, president of Korea: Sung-mahn Ree.

Jacques Fath, French fashion designer: Ell'sa Skee-ah-pah-rell'-ce.—*Miami Daily News*

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BOOKS

Don Quixote

"DON QUIXOTE," by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, has just appeared in a new translation by Samuel Putnam (Viking) that is nothing less than magnificent. Now, for the first time, those whose knowledge of Cervantes' native tongue is too rudimentary to cope with his seventeenth-century Spanish will be able to appreciate the humor, intellectuality, and humanity that make "Don Quixote," like the plays of Shakespeare and the vision of Dante, one of the greatest achievements of the literary imagination. Such *Cervantistas* as Bertram D. Wolfe, Herschel Brickell, and Dudley Fitts have already applauded Mr. Putnam's accomplishment, and I shall add to their cheers by reporting that one of this country's leading Spanish scholars tells me that it is not only faithful to the original but a beautiful carrying over into the English language.

But why all this commotion about a translation, it may be asked, as if there had been no translations before? Well, there's a good reason. "Don Quixote" got into English shortly after it was published—Thomas Shelton's version of Part I appeared in London in 1612 and his rendering of Part II in 1620—and other translations followed. The one from which most English-speaking people have gained their impression of the book was published in 1700 by a certain Peter Motteux. As recently as 1946, the introduction to a handsome edition of "Don Quixote" brought out in this translation explained that it was used because it was by far the most spirited. It happens that it is also by far the most awful. Still, Motteux, a tea merchant who dabbled in literature on the side, shouldn't be beaten over the head just because, until Mr. Putnam came along, over two hundred years later, nobody seems to have thought of checking and correcting his version. Motteux, who appears only to have been anxious to do Cervantes a service, man-

aged to botch the job thoroughly. The whole tone of "Don Quixote" as we get it in the Motteux version couldn't be more wrong. Sancho Panza and his master, instead of being the two endearing, even lovable, persons they are shown to be in the new translation, become low-comedy clowns, and the book, perhaps literature's most profound exposition of the human comedy, is a slapstick farce that would be ideal for Abbott and Costello. A comparison of Motteux's version of the most famous episode in "Don Quixote"—the affair of the windmills—with the one turned out by Mr. Putnam will show what I mean. This is Motteux:

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and, as soon as the Knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and, having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils." . . . "What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza. "Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long-extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length." . . . This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rocinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that. "Stand, cowards," cried he as loud

as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all."

Now for Mr. Putnam's version:

At this point they caught sight of thirty or forty windmills which were standing on the plain there, and no sooner had Don Quixote laid eyes upon them than he turned to his squire and said, "Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have wished; for you see there before you, friend Sancho Panza, some thirty or more lawless giants with whom I mean to do battle. I shall deprive them of their lives, and with the spoils from this encounter we shall begin to enrich ourselves. . . ."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those that you see there," replied his master, "those with the long arms some of which are as much as two leagues in length." . . .

Saying this, he gave spurs to his steed Rocinante, without paying any heed to Sancho's warning that these were truly windmills and not giants that he was riding forth to attack. Nor even when he was close upon them did he perceive what they really were, but shouted at the top of his lungs, "Do not seek to flee, cowards and vile creatures that you are, for it is but a single knight with whom you have to deal."

The readability of Mr. Putnam's translation (and how wonderfully it reads throughout) is only an incidental virtue; infinitely more important is its tone. Motteux pretty much turns "Don Quixote" into burlesque, while Putnam plays it as Cervantes wanted it played—straight. What has happened is that Putnam has gone out and brought the Knight of the Mournful Countenance back alive, as well as all the other people of Cervantes' tale, which Samuel Taylor Coleridge called "the highest crea-



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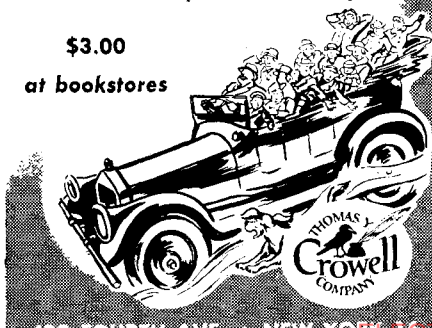
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tion of genius" and of which Dostoevski said, "A more profound and powerful work than this is not to be met with. It is the final and greatest utterance of the human mind." After that kind of praise, what more can anyone say—indeed, what more need be said? Yet I feel sure that we are in for a considerable amount of more saying on all sides. A statement by Lionel Trilling, quoted in the brochure announcing the Putnam translation, has the look of a straw in the wind. "Of recent years," says Mr. Trilling, "it ["Don Quixote"] has not been as widely read as it once was, but I look for an ever-increasing interest in it—I can scarcely believe that its brilliant relevances to our particular cultural situation will long remain undiscovered." I don't want to spoil the fun of anyone who may be tempted to sit down to "Don Quixote" under the delusion that it is a pigeon pie stuffed with brilliant relevances to our particular cultural situation, but the thought gives me the shivers. "Don Quixote" is such a wonderful book, as a story and as a compassionate study of mortal man, that it doesn't need any garnishing, relevant to our particular cultural situation or otherwise. And I hate to think that Cervantes is in for the going over that poor Herman Melville has recently had to put up with.

It might be a good idea, before this newest age of discovery sets in, to see what Cervantes was up to and how he went about it. He wrote "Don Quixote" first and foremost for the reason Shakespeare wrote his plays—to get some ready cash. He put aside the poems and plays he regarded as his "serious" productions and set about writing a popular book—one designed, as he put it, for "the universal entertainment of the peoples." And the medium he chose to entertain with was humor. "To say and write witty and amusing things," he remarked in Part II of "Don Quixote," "is the mark of great genius," and if he felt he was touched with genius (as he probably was), there is no reason to think that his ambition, in regard to "Don Quixote," went any further. It is clear, too, that he began his work in a spirit of burlesque—not to ridicule the institution of chivalry, as is incorrectly believed, but to satirize the tales and ballads of chivalry that were still making the rounds in Spain.

The Spain of Cervantes was the Spain created by Philip II; on the surface, the period seemed to be Renaissance. Yet its habits and outlook on life were in many respects medieval, and one medieval form of the ballad, was the core of

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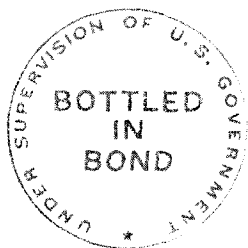
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much of its literature. Not only did the poets use the themes and personages of chivalry but the playwrights, notably Lope de Vega, adapted the ballad form into lyrical and dramatic forms. Consequently, the books of chivalry that Cervantes set out to ridicule in "Don Quixote" were part of the Spanish *mise en scène*, even though they had long since been forgotten elsewhere. When Shakespeare, one of Cervantes' contemporaries, wrote of the age of chivalry in the "Henry" cycle, he wrote almost as if he were dealing with ancient history. To Cervantes, because of the persistence and popularity of the chivalric ballads, the age when knighthood was in fullest flower was much closer.

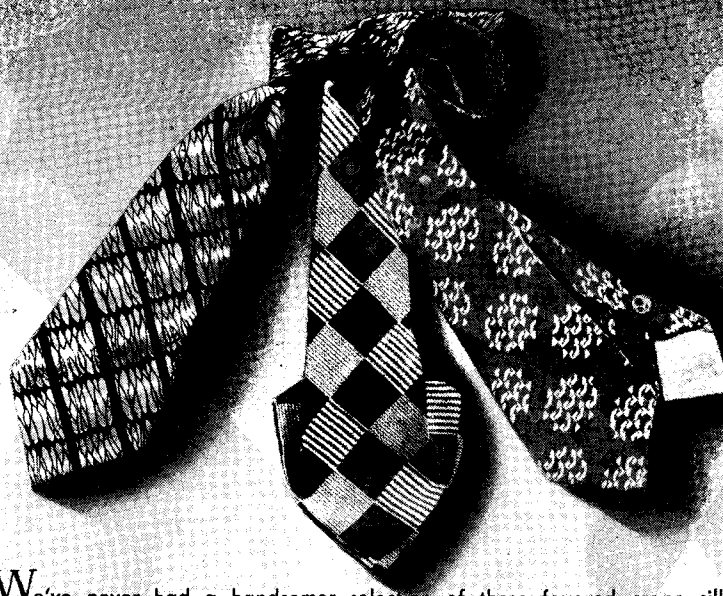
Cervantes was also influenced by that peculiarly Spanish creation, the picaresque novel. It is easy to find other ancestors for "Don Quixote"—Italian love stories, medieval fables, Arthurian romance—but it is plain that the form of his book was determined more by the picaresque novel than anything else. I think a good case can be made out, on the basis of Part I of "Don Quixote," for the theory that Cervantes started to write a book in that genre. But then something happened, and as he went along he broadened his scope. In "Don Quixote," he presented the whole Spanish world of his time—its life and its thought—and in doing it, particularly in the second part of his book, he created a new art form, the modern novel. But this achievement, splendid though it was, was only by the way. His first ambition was to write an entertaining book. It is more than entertaining, infinitely more, but he succeeded in his original purpose too. You can now read it, fresh as the day it came from his pen, in Mr. Putnam's noble translation.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

IT WAS LIKE THIS, by Anne Goodwin Winslow (Knopf). Mrs. Winslow can break a heart with less fuss and less talk than almost any other writer around. She has a genius for letting her people create their own impossible situation, inside which they shatter themselves, while she, like a proper bystander, offers neither help nor hindrance. At the end, the victims put themselves back together again in a most civilized and considerate manner, so that even their deepest cracks are visible only to the reader. This time, Mrs. Winslow writes about Nutwood, a house in

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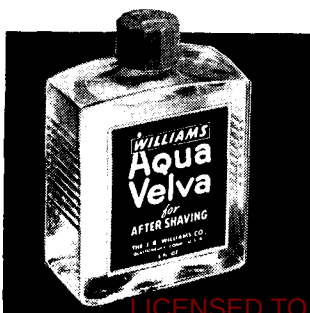
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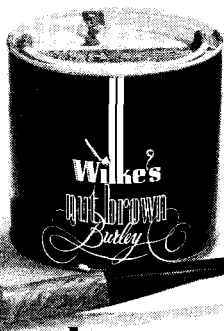
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Mississippi, where a Mrs. Martin lives with her two sons, Hugh and Lawrence, and her adopted daughter Anna. Anna grows up to be a beautiful and genuinely mysterious girl, and Hugh and Lawrence also grow up. That is almost all, except that it happens sometime near the end of the nineteenth century.

LIVE WITH LIGHTNING, by Mitchell Wilson (Little, Brown). The lengthy odyssey of a modern physicist, whose early student zeal for his work is replaced first by worldly disillusionment and finally by a tempered idealism. These three phases of the scientist's outlook largely result from his exposure to, successively, a widely honored professor, a set of vulpine businessmen, and the atomic-energy project. After losing his urge to emulate the professor, the hero attempts to cash in on his abilities in industrial work, and after this fails, he goes to Los Alamos. His awe at the potentialities of the atom and his anger at the politicians who are trying to exploit it induce in him a belated sense of mission. The scientific minutiae pall at times, but the hero is at least a credible relief from the clear-eyed and pure-hearted researchers of so many other novels. The Literary Guild selection for October.

THE DUSTY GODMOTHER, by Michael Foster (Rinehart). A leisurely novel about a love affair between a city newspaperman named Jim Kerry and an organist named Anne Volard, a creature of almost virulent womanliness, whose ignorance of the world at the age of twenty-eight can be described only as suspicious. However, if she is a feminine girl, Jim is unquestionably a manly man, whose more varied experience of the world has left him serious-minded and inclined to brood over things. While Anne chatters about "a dark hat with white trim," he is thinking of "the city, and time, and death." To snarl up this idyll, at least temporarily, there appears Anne's father, a seedy old confidence man who ought to be dismissed for overacting, and Jim's daughter Julie, a child by a former wife. Julie is a rather likable little girl, but between her father and her mother and Mr. Foster she hardly gets a chance to do anything except wring her hands.

MAGISTER LUDI, by Hermann Hesse, translated by Mervyn Savill (Holt).

A enormous novel about a community of men who live in a library

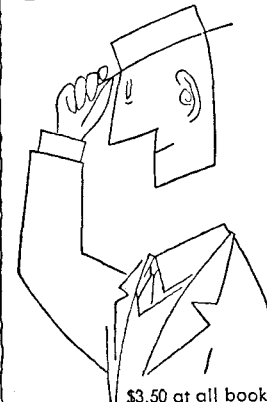
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and poverty, dedicating their lives to learning, in a mythical place called Castalia, which is supported by public funds, because the members of the community never work for money. Their main preoccupation is with the Bead Game, a universal intellectual language that can be used only by scholars of immense learning after lifelong practice. The Master of the Game—who is regarded by his fellows as a kind of god—is called Magister Ludi. This book deals with the life of Joseph Knecht, who rises from being an obscure student to become Magister Ludi, and then discovers that the Castalian ideal doesn't satisfy him. It is a story of devouring devotion; personality is hardly important. Castalia seems like a giant chessboard, across which Mr. Hesse's characters move with mathematical precision but without will or emotion. The time described is around the end of the twentieth century, in the period following the "degenerate" Age of the Digest, which presumably is what we're living in now. The book was first published in Zurich in 1945; in 1946, Mr. Hesse was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

GENERAL

THE VITAL CENTER, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). In which Mr. Schlesinger invites everyone within range of his extremely persuasive voice to join him, for purposes of national and international uplift, at that exact point in American political life where Right meets Left. There are strings attached to the invitation, however, and the author spends approximately the first half of his book explaining what they are. Addressing himself first of all to aspirants of the Right, Mr. Schlesinger makes it clear that only repentant conservatives will be waved into his kingdom of the Center; others of the species, he suggests, had best not even present their well-fed faces at the needle's eye. His message to Leftists who have served under the current Henry Wallace is equally uncompromising: Repudiate Stalin and all his works or remain in the caucous of the damned. The remainder of the book is given over to a description of the sense of well-being that will accrue to those who make their way to Mr. Schlesinger's side, and to the author's exposition of why mass scorning of his invitation will nudge us just that much closer to an era that will be characterized by dark-

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ness, a falling off of traffic on the roads to the beaches and mountains, and the very worst sort of music from the spheres.

STALIN, by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford). A fascinating treatment of what is, when you come right down to it, the success story of the twentieth century. Mr. Deutscher has two excellent qualifications for his job: He manufactures no arbitrary blacks and whites but reports gray as gray, and he gives credit where credit is due. He confronts us on the one hand with a man who took power over what Mr. Deutscher says was virtually a nation of savages, and whose firm guidance has made the country the greatest industrial power in Europe and the second-greatest in the world—a nation in which the appetite for knowledge and culture has been encouraged on an unprecedented scale, and the means of satisfying it have been provided. On the other hand, the author is well aware that the Russian Premier is also a man of no humanity or conscience, as we understand those words, and that he does not hesitate to excise an enemy or an inconvenient idea. Mr. Deutscher has presented the story with almost passionate objectivity and regard for fact—the sort of mental attitude that would be the first casualty in any Stalinized country.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

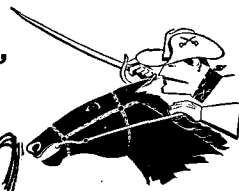
THE LITTLE SISTER, by Raymond Chandler (Houghton Mifflin). Philip Marlowe, the toughest private dick of them all, has it out with the underworld in Bay City, California, on behalf of a client who has caught his fancy because she's such a little frump. Marlowe's antagonists include any number of marijuana addicts, a doctor who hands him a cigarette loaded with potassium cyanide, glossy young ladies toting .45s, and, of course, the police, who keep pestering Marlowe about a couple of ice-pick murders he's mixed up with. Well put together and, as the detective himself remarks in the course of his narrative, about as restful as a split lip.

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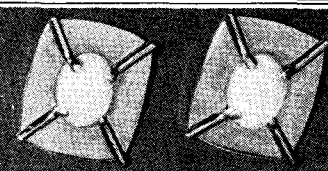
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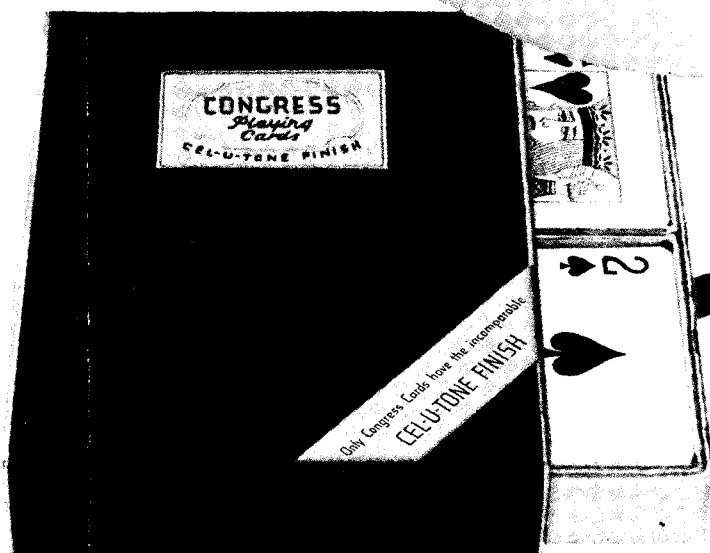
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